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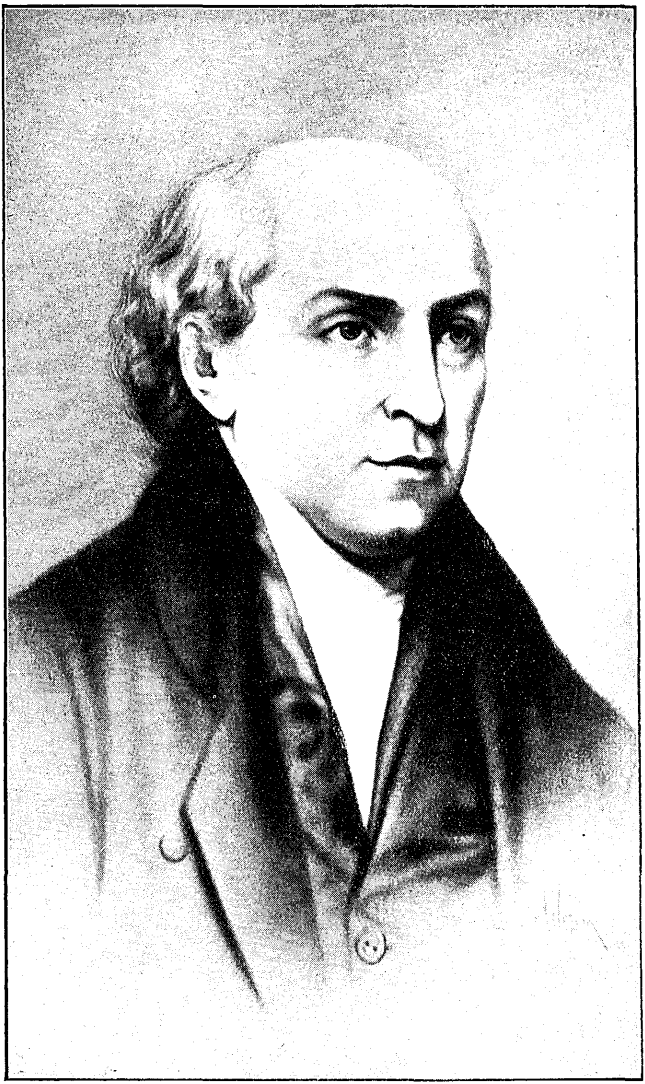
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WILLIAM CAREY

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THE PIONEER
OF MISSIONS
: TO INDIA :

BY

PERCY H. JONES

Author of "The Young Br[illegible]ns Abroad"

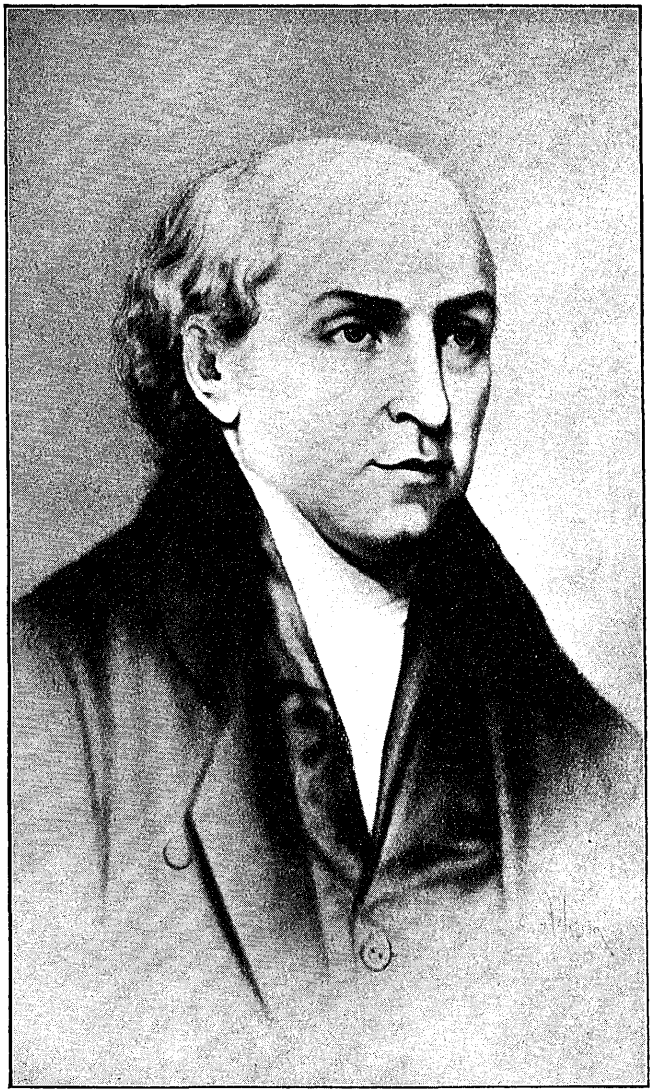


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14 FOUR NOBLE WOMEN
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FOR THE USE OF THE

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS BOOK

WILLIAM CAREY

CHAPTER I

William Carey's Pets

MARY was crying. She was standing in her brother's room in the schoolhouse of Paulers Pury, a room filled with natural history specimens, tadpoles in bottles, and insects in every stage of development. In her hand she held a dead bird. It was one of William's pets, which he had left in her charge, with strict instructions as to how it should be fed and cared for; but Mary had fed it so often, and fondled it so constantly that the poor bird had been killed by kindness. Unfortunately, it was not the first time that pets left with Mary had been so treated, but William had forgiven her, and trusted her again. Whatever would he say this time? She knew that he had returned, for she could hear him that minute talking to her mother below. Now his foot was on the stair, and a moment later the door opened. William took in the situation at a glance. His

first thought was of his bird, but that was swept away by the sight of Mary's grief. "Never mind, Mary," he said cheerfully, "you did not mean to hurt it. Let us bury it in the garden, and then go out to search for wild flowers."

Mary dried her tears, and quickly getting her hat, followed her brother into the garden. Here they buried the bird, planting a tombstone at the head, and laying flowers on the grave. Then they left the garden, and made their way along the beautiful Northamptonshire lanes, William stopping continually to point out to Mary some new flower or insect.

"Look at the bluebells in the wood, Mary! Aren't they beautiful? And here comes a tortoise-shell butterfly, the first I have seen this year."

A little farther on they came to a pool, and William exclaimed: "Why, there's a snake in the water, lying with only its head showing. Creep along quietly, not to disturb it."

"Won't it bite, William?"

"No, it's a grass snake. Adders are the only snakes that bite, but they are smaller, and live in dry places."

"Hullo, Columbus!" shouted a passing

schoolboy—Columbus was a nick-name given to Carey because he was always reading and talking about that hero. "You haven't climbed that chestnut tree yet?"

"No, but I will, before many days are over," replied William.

The brother and sister made their way down a muddy lane to see if they could find the purple orchis in the pastures beyond, but Mary got so wet and dirty that William thought it was time they returned home.

"Wherever have you been?" exclaimed Mrs. Carey at the sight of Mary's shoes. "Out with William, I'll be bound. I never did see such children for getting into the mud. Take off your wet shoes, both of you, and don't dirty my clean kitchen."

William slipped off to his room where, after examining various insects to see how they were progressing, he went to his shelf to get a book to read. He had not many books of his own, though more than most people at that time, but he had borrowed from the whole countryside, especially books of science, history, and voyages. He now selected the "Pilgrim's Progress," and was soon lost in the exciting adventures

of Christian on his way to the Celestial City.

William Carey was the son of Edmund Carey, who was both village schoolmaster and parish clerk, offices which his father, Peter Carey, had held before him. Edmund Carey's elder brother, William, after whom our William Carey was named, had also been a teacher in the neighbouring market town of Towcester. The Careys seem thus to have been naturally studious.

A village school in those days only taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; but these subjects were often taught with great thoroughness. Edmund Carey taught beautiful handwriting, and was sufficiently skilled in arithmetic to teach this subject at Towcester as well as at Paulers Pury. At that time books were as scarce in schools as in people's homes, but at any rate they had the beautiful prose of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer.

There was another way in which William learnt lessons of great use to him in after life, and that was in the care of his brothers and sisters; for, in addition to his constant companion Mary, there were two younger children, Ann and Tom.

CHAPTER II

The Bird's Nest

WILLIAM woke with the feeling that there was something he had intended to do that day. Collect insects for the bird? No, the bird was dead. Then he remembered: the nest in the chestnut tree. At all costs he must get that nest.

William was soon dressed, and hurrying down the lane reached the tree. It was a tall tree, and for some distance there was little that he could get a grip on either with hands or feet. Little by little he began to ascend, and then, as he reached out for a new hold, his foot slipped and he fell crashing to the ground.

Picking himself up, and finding that he was not much hurt, he tried again, but once more he fell. Yet a third time he made the attempt, and this time got much higher, but suddenly a piece of bark on which he was standing gave way, and he fell to the ground with such force that

he was unable to get up again. For a while he lay stunned, and when at last he could take stock of himself, he found that his leg was such a queer shape, and hurt him so much when he moved; there was no doubt that it was broken.

Of course, Mary knew of the nest, and waited eagerly for William's return. At first she kept looking out of the window. Then she went right out into the lane; and at last, seeing no sign of him, she made her way to the tree, and found her brother lying helpless on the ground.

Mary rushed breathlessly with the news to her father and mother, and they soon carried William home, while neighbours gathered around, and a friend ran for a doctor. In a short time the leg was in splints, and William was a prisoner for some weeks, with leisure enough now to read "The Pilgrim's Progress" and the adventures of Columbus.

Six weeks passed, and the leg was better, though the bandage had not yet been removed. Mrs. Carey had to go out for a few hours, and told William on leaving to take great care of himself. When she returned he was sitting overflowing with joy, with the nest on his knees.

"Why, William, whatever does this mean? You don't mean to say that you have climbed that tree again?"

"Forgive me, mother. I was bound to do it. I couldn't rest until I'd climbed it and got the nest."

CHAPTER III

The Long-Lost Uncle Peter Returns

THERE was great excitement in the Carey family, and indeed in the whole village of Paulers Pury, when Uncle Peter suddenly returned from Canada. He had gone there as a young man, but when years passed by without news of him, he was at last mourned as dead.

Peter at once became William's hero, and many were the talks they had of adventure on land and sea, and of the great new world in the West.

"Tell me what Canada is like, Uncle," said William on one such occasion. "In what way is it different from England?"

"Everything is so big there, boy, great rivers miles in breadth instead of our little streams, great mountains, great lakes, and immense forests of fir trees, while the grass prairie is like a sea of green reaching

to the horizon in every direction. You can ride day after day from morning till night without seeming to get any nearer to the edge of it."

"Is Canada more beautiful than England, Uncle?"

"It is very grand and spacious, William, but nowhere in the world have I seen anything so beautiful as these lanes and hedgerows. To me every turn of the road is a vision of loveliness, but the Red Indian used to following the trail across the prairie, or skimming over the rivers in his canoe, or shooting the rapids on a raft, would find himself so cramped and shut in that he could scarcely breathe in a land like this."

"What are the Red Indians like, Uncle?"

"They are very lazy. If they have the chance they will spend the whole day eating, drinking brandy, and smoking tobacco. They will even get up in the night to smoke. It is only when they fight that they are industrious. In war they can be very valiant, but they are dreadfully cruel, torturing and burning all their prisoners."

"Are none of them Christians?"

"A few are, but the Christians I met

were all Roman Catholics, so I did not get to know much about them."

Uncle Peter settled in the village as a gardener, and seeing how interested William was in flowers, he said to him one day, "Why don't you take charge of the garden at the schoolhouse? There is a nice piece of land there, and a fine garden might be planted if some one troubled to work at it." This William did, and soon had one of the best gardens in the village. From this time, wherever Carey went he had a garden, until the days when at Serampore, his was one of the finest gardens in the East.

CHAPTER IV

William is Apprenticed to the Shoemaking Trade

SILENCE reigned in the shoemaker's shop at Piddington, save for the sound of the hammer falling on the leather when a shoe was put on the iron last. Clarke Nichols was a strict master, and the two apprentices, John Warr and William Carey, dressed in leather aprons, were intent on their work. A pile of shoes lay on the ground, and the apprentices were busy mending them, putting each pair as it was finished on a shelf ready for the customer when he should call. John Warr was doing the more skilful work, while Carey, being new to the trade, did that requiring less care. Mr. Nichols was finishing off a pair of shoes that had been made to measure, smoothing the soles, and blacking them round. This done he left the shop, and made his way to the village public-house for a drink.

The youths were now able to talk freely as they worked. Carey had in his hand a child's shoe, which had been worn so badly and repaired so often that it was hard to see how it could be mended again.

"Look here, Warr," said Carey, "whatever can I do with this shoe? I don't think it can be mended."

John Warr had not only worked at the trade a much longer time than Carey, but his father and grandfather had been shoemakers before him, so he had been familiar with it from his childhood. He was always ready to help Carey when in difficulty.

"Something must be done," he said, laying down his own work and going across to inspect the troublesome shoe. "You must put a patch right across here," pointing to the place as he spoke, "and round patches must be sewn very carefully over these holes."

Then still standing near and watching Carey's work, John Warr added rather nervously, "I have long wanted to ask you something, Carey. Are you a Christian?"

William blushed hotly at such a personal question, and replied, "You know that I attend church regularly. Is not my father

the parish clerk, and am I not myself a chorister?"

"I know all that," said Warr quietly, "but do you really love and serve Jesus Christ?"

"Oh, I'm not one of those who make themselves out to be so good. I hate Methodists, and chapels where the grocer preaches, and the blacksmith is the chief deacon."

It was easy to silence John Warr, but not so easy to shut out a voice that spoke in his own heart. He was a chorister truly, but was it not from his fellow-choristers that he had learnt to swear and tell lies? His master, too, was known everywhere as a strict churchman, and certainly hated lying, but he had a dreadful temper and gave way to drink. John Warr, on the other hand, spoke like a Christian and lived like a Christian. Carey determined to be a better churchman, and began to go to church three times every Sunday, and even to accompany John Warr to chapel sometimes on a week night.

CHAPTER V

The Bad Shilling

IT was Christmas time, and the apprentices of those days used to go round collecting Christmas boxes from the tradesmen with whom their master dealt. On such an errand William called at the ironmonger's where Nichols used to buy his nails.

"Well, my lad, and what can I do for you?" asked the ironmonger genially.

"Please, sir, I have called for a Christmas box."

"Oh, oh, that's it, is it? Well, you look a sharp boy. I wonder which you would rather have, a sixpence or a shilling?" saying which the ironmonger took two coins out of his pocket.

"The shilling, please," said William promptly.

"Here you are, then," said the ironmonger, handing him the shilling and laughing heartily.

William next went to the village shop

to buy some Christmas presents. He picked out some small gifts for his parents, a ribbon for Mary, and a pocket knife for himself. Then he handed the shopkeeper the money.

"No, no! That won't do," exclaimed the shopkeeper, handing back a shilling. "That shilling is made of brass."

William took the coin, and saw to his dismay that the shilling he had chosen in preference to the sixpence was a bad one. In his confusion he took another shilling belonging to his master from another pocket, and paid the bill. Hurrying out of the shop, he carefully went through his money. He still had a few pence, but not nearly enough to make up the shilling.

"Whatever shall I do?" he thought. "Nichols will be angry beyond everything with me for using one of his shillings. There is nothing for it but to pretend that the bad one is his. O Lord," he prayed, "I cannot help lying this time, but if only Thou wilt get me through this trouble, I will never do such a thing again."

On reaching the shoemaker's shop, William handed over the money to Mr.

Nichols, with the bad shilling carefully covered over by the other coins, but counting the money the shoemaker soon noticed it.

"Hullo! What is this? Where did this brass shilling come from?"

"I don't know," faltered William. "That's the money left over after buying the things you told me."

"That's a lie!" roared Nichols. "I'll get to the bottom of this. Tell me now, did any of the tradesmen give you a shilling for yourself?"

"Yes, the ironmonger," stammered William.

"Go to the ironmonger, Warr. Take this brass shilling, and ask him if he gave it to William for a Christmas box."

Very soon John Warr returned saying that the ironmonger had confessed that he had done this for a joke. William was so covered with shame that he would not go to church again until he was assured that this sad slip of his was not noised abroad.

CHAPTER VI

William is Converted

IN addition to the petty affairs of the countryside there were events of world-wide importance which made their influence felt in the villages of Northamptonshire. When the American colonists refused to pay the tea duty King George sent an Army to punish them. Regiments of soldiers in scarlet uniforms, with bands playing and flags flying, marched through the country districts of England, while tall, fine recruiting sergeants, with red, white and blue ribbons streaming from their caps, persuaded the village yokels to take the "King's shilling." The crowds cheered, and mothers and sweethearts wept as the boys went off to the war.

There were no cables to bring the news, and few papers to publish it. A sailing ship arriving in Bristol would bring tidings of a disaster that had befallen the British Army in America many weeks earlier.

This news would be carried along the main roads to the market towns by the stage coach, and farmers jogging home from market in their country carts would carry on the tale to every village and hamlet, till at last the details were discussed in the village public-houses as the rustics drained their pots of beer.

In 1779 things had come to such a pass that February 10 was observed as a day of fasting and prayer by the whole English nation. Carey on that day went to chapel on a Sunday for the first time in his life, feeling not only the humiliation of the national disaster, but his own defeat by sin.

Mr. Chater, of Olney, preached from the text, "Let us therefore go out unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach." This led Carey to leave the Church of England, that he might share the reproach of Christ among the dissenters.

Carey could never give the exact day of his conversion. The change was gradual, and took time. Warr had continued to talk with him, and had also lent him religious books to read, and this Sunday, February 10, 1779, may well be regarded as the day when he publicly ranged himself on the side of Jesus Christ. But once

having found Christ it was his desire, like Warr, to find others and bring them to Jesus. One of the first was the most unlikely, the self-righteous, hard-drinking, bad-tempered Nichols. Let us picture the scene.

Nichols, after being married for only two years, lies dying.

"I have been a strict churchman," said Nichols, "and very particular about some things, but I do not feel ready to go. You lads seem to have something that I have missed. I have been over fond of the drink, too, and have always had a bad temper, which you have learnt to your cost."

"We can never be saved by our works," said Warr.

"Remember the dying thief," added Carey. "He was saved at the last hour by simply believing in Jesus."

"I wish I felt more sure," exclaimed Nichols.

"You can have nothing more sure than the Word of God," replied Warr. "Do you not remember how often it says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?'"

"Yes," said Carey, "and remember the words, 'And if any man sin, we have an

advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.'"

"How often I have heard such words in church," replied Nichols, "yet I have never applied them to myself. Are you sure that I can be saved even now?"

"'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely,'" quoted Carey.

"'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation,'" added Warr.

So Nichols gave up trying to be worthy, and simply trusted in Jesus for salvation. A short time afterwards he passed away to be with his new found Saviour.

CHAPTER VII

William Carey Marries

THE death of Nichols put an end to Carey's apprenticeship, and he was next employed by Thomas Old, of Hackleton. The Olds were a Puritan family, and Thomas Old was one of the chief leaders of the Hackleton meeting. Carey began to attend this meeting, and even to take part in the Sabbath evening conference. Thus it was that a few years later one might have heard some such conversation as follows:

"So we shall soon be having another wedding in the village," said Mrs. Baker, as she whitened the doorstep of her cottage, addressing this remark to Mrs. Brown, who was similarly engaged next door.

"Why, Mrs. Baker, how you do talk! What story have you got hold of now?"

"Haven't you heard? The young man, William Carey, who came to work for Thomas Old, is walking out with Dorothy Plackett."

"You go ahead too fast with your

match-making, Mrs. Baker. Surely a young man can walk home from meeting with the sister of his master's wife when they are going to the same house. I'll warrant you they were only discussing the fine discourse given by Mr. Old."

"That may be, Mrs. Brown, but young women like Dorothy don't go down muddy lanes looking for primroses with a young man for nothing, nor yet in nasty, damp woods picking bluebells."

"You don't say so?"

"I do say so."

"But she is five years older than he is."

"That's true, as all the village knows, but William is a serious-minded young man, and would rather have as a companion a godly young woman like Dorothy Plackett, than these giddy young girls who think of nothing but dress."

For once village gossip was right, and in 1781 the wedding took place. Carey wore the coat and breeches he kept for Sunday best, worsted stockings, and shoes with buckles, while Dorothy was dressed in white muslin trimmed with some lace that her mother and grandmother had worn at their weddings. Dorothy's sister Lucy was the bridesmaid.

A village is like a large family. Almost every one gathered to see the wedding, and those who did not go into the church waited outside to see the bride come out. Those in the porch kept peeping through the door, opening it a couple of inches, and even there they could hear Carey giving the responses in clear, ringing tones: "For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part."

There was rather a long wait at the time of signing the register, for neither the bride, bridesmaid, or witnesses could sign their names. The curate who married them had to write these and get them to add their crosses. He, too, found writing a matter of considerable difficulty, but at last managed to scrawl "Dority," "Lusie," "Katran," and "Sharlot."

"Here they come!" shouted a small boy, and those outside lined up to see them pass, greeting them with showers of rice, and throwing a few old shoes after them for luck.

Carey and his wife were very happy in those days, especially when a little daughter came to brighten the home. Carey was busy with his shoemaking,

busy with his books, busy in his garden; the toil of work made doubly sweet because of the loving wife and baby girl he had to work for. Dorothy, with Baby Ann on her knee, used to sit in the workshop while Carey stitched the leather, or walked in the garden picking sweet-smelling country flowers while Carey dug the soil. And when work was done there was a wife to call him to the meal she had prepared.

Then fever came to the village, and little Ann caught it. Day and night the parents watched over her with tenderest care, but alas! the day came when the village milkman going his round carried the news from house to house that little Ann was dead, and, country fashion, the cottagers stood at their doors discussing the sad tidings.

"What a blow it will be to her father and mother. How they did love that child!"

"Yes, and how sad her Auntie Mary will be at Paulers Pury. She just idolised her."

The blinds were kept drawn down at the Olds' house until the day of the funeral. Then the little coffin covered with flowers was carried by the youths of the Hackleton

Meeting to the pretty cemetery, while the children followed singing hymns.

Once more nearly the whole village gathered, and stood around the grave listening to the wonderful words of the burial service: "I know that my Redeemer liveth. . . . Lord, Thou hast been our Refuge from one generation to another. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."

Carey himself took the fever, and was so ill that he became bald at twenty-two, and on top of this Mr. Old died, leaving Carey to take over the business and the support of his widow and four children.

A customer, taking advantage of Mr. Old's death, refused a number of shoes that had been made for him, and trade generally was so bad on account of the American War, that Carey had to undertake a lower class of work. Regent's Park College still has the signboard that was put up on the Hackleton shed at this time: "Second-hand Shoes Bought and ——." The last word has disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII

Carey's College

IT was the Hackleton shed with the "Second-Hand Shoes" sign that Thomas Scott, a famous commentator, called "Carey's College." Scott was the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, and used to visit first of all Mr. Old, and afterwards Carey himself.

"What are you reading this morning?" he asked one day as he entered the shed, and saw Carey busily at work on a shoe, with a book propped up in front of him. "A Dutch book! However did you come to know Dutch?"

"I found the book in an old woman's cottage, and have worked away at it until now I can understand it," explained Carey.

Scott picked up another book lying near. "Why, this is a Greek Testament! You can't read Greek, can you?"

"Yes, I can," admitted Carey smiling.

"However did you learn that?" asked Scott in surprise. The Greek letters are quite different from the English, so you could not learn those by puzzling over them. My former master, Nichols, had a small library, and in this library there was a New Testament Concordance, with the words written in Greek and English. I learnt Greek by copying out these words."

Scott opened a third book. It was about the Psalms, written in Carey's small but beautiful handwriting. Here there were Hebrew words and phrases, and notes on their meaning.

"But you do not really mean to tell me that you know Hebrew as well!"

"Yes, I have been helped in that by several of the ministers living near."

"But when do you find time to learn all these things?"

"I always have a book in front of me as I work at my trade, and I go over everything I have learnt as I travel along the road carrying the bag of shoes to town."

Carey had plenty of time to think over the great words of Scripture in Greek and Hebrew as he walked along the country roads, for every fortnight for three and a half years he went to preach at a small

village called Earls Barton, tramping the twelve miles there in the morning, and back again in the evening, in all weathers. Once a month, too, he used to preach at the chapel in his own village of Paulers Pury. Let us accompany him on such a visit.

The walk itself was a walk with God, for the love of God in his heart made the world around more beautiful and dear to him. The birds and the flowers spoke to him of God's loving care. As he at last walked through the village of his boyhood, what memories of those days came back to him. There was the tree that he had climbed. He now thanked God that he had been saved from serious injury when he fell. There was another tree, an old dwarf witch elm, only about seven feet high. How often he had sat there reading through the long summer days, and it was there that he used to play at preaching, for the village boys would say, "Well, if you won't play, preach us a sermon," and, mounted on this tree, he would preach while they all sat around to listen. He wondered now what he had preached about. How little he had thought then that he would ever really preach, and that, too, at the village chapel, which he had once

hated so much that he would have liked to destroy it.

It was good to be back in the dear old schoolhouse, and especially to linger in the room which had been his own, or to stroll in the garden which he had made.

The time for service came, and the congregation gathered. It was a typical village congregation: one or two farmers, several shopkeepers, some farm labourers, together with their families, strong, rosy-cheeked countrywomen, and healthy freckled boys and girls, all dressed in their Sunday best.

The doors and windows of the chapel stood wide open, and the sounds and scents of the fields entered through them. Carey preached the Gospel that he had learnt for himself. He spoke of man's unworthiness and need of a Saviour, and how men might be saved, simply by trusting in Jesus, without money and without price. He pleaded with them not to delay, but to accept Jesus there and then.

There was a good deal of discussion about William in his home. His stern father was at first very much displeased that his son should have gone over to the dissenters, and the whole family would

have preferred his preaching at some other place.

"It is strange," said Mary, "that William should be so zealous about that sort of religion, seeing that there was a time when he would have liked to persecute the chapel people."

"He has more zeal than prudence," said Mrs. Carey.

"Yes," continued Mary, "how foolish it was of him to burn his pack of cards; as if there could be any harm in a Christian playing cards."

"Chapel people are very much against cards and all that sort of thing," Mrs. Carey went on, "and William, like Gideon, wants to throw down all the altars of Baal in one night."

"Still, there is no denying that there is a great change in William's life," said Mary, rallying to the side of the brother she loved.

It was the reality of William's Christian life that made it possible for him to get permission to have family prayers on his visits to his home, but here again the character of his prayers caused some comment.

"William always prays for the slaves, and the heathen in foreign lands," exclaimed Mary one day. "But I do wish he would not say, 'All our righteousness is as filthy rags.' I feel he must mean this for us, as he cannot think this of himself and his chapel people."

Ann and Tom often used to go to hear him preach, but much as he would have liked to do so, Mr. Carey, as parish clerk, dare not do so openly. On one occasion, however, he got an opportunity to hear William preach without being seen by any one, and he was well pleased with the sermon.

In 1783 Carey heard a sermon on infant baptism by John Horsey. The preacher himself was so pleased with it that he had it printed, but it only raised doubts in Carey's mind which led him to read the New Testament on this subject for himself. The result was that he became convinced that the Bible only taught the baptism of believers, and he was baptised in the Nen at Northampton by John Ryland. The same year both his sisters, Mary and Ann, were also baptised. It was a great

joy to Carey that Mary was brought to the point of decision by the preaching of his friend, Thomas Scott, but both sisters maintained that it was Carey's pleading that really led to their reception of the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

CHAPTER IX

Carey Becomes a Minister

So far Carey had only been a lay preacher, but in 1785 he was invited by the church at Moulton to be their pastor. Such an invitation brought a thrill of joy to Carey's heart, for it was counted a great thing in those days to be a minister of God. The one thing he set himself to discover was whether he were indeed called by God to this great work.

It was the duty of Mrs. Carey to bring forward practical considerations. "How much can they afford to pay a year?"

"Ten pounds."

"We could never live on a sum like that."

"Another five pounds would be contributed from a London fund."

"That makes fifteen pounds a year, less than six shillings a week."

"I could go on making shoes for Mr. Gotch. That would be another ten

shillings a week, and we could get a little more by opening a village school."

Thus it was decided, and the Carey's moved to Moulton.

To know what Carey's school was like we must think of old-fashioned pictures of village schools, with the boys dressed in smock frocks, and the girls in quaint dresses reaching to their ankles. There were no desks, and the benches were rough trunks of trees sawn through, and placed on short legs. Quills instead of steel pens were used to write with, and the girls worked the letters of the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer on samplers.

There was always a lazy rascal standing in the corner, with a tall dunce's cap on his head, Carey used to say, with a merry twinkle in his eye, that when he kept the school the boys kept him. It may well be imagined that while the gentle master dreamed of the great world beyond, there was a good deal of whispering and playing going on behind his back. For it was of the great world that Carey dreamed, and while in every other particular the school was lacking in all the furniture and apparatus commonly found in schools to-day, in one matter it was strangely up-

to-date. The whole of one wall was covered with a map of the world, on which Carey had coloured a place for every nation, and on it he used to record whatever he met with in his reading concerning these countries. He had also constructed a globe made vivid in different coloured leathers; and alas! there were often tears in the schoolmaster's eyes as he thought of the lands concerning which he had to write the word, "Heathen." Few people had a clearer conception of the world as a whole in those days than Carey. He who as a boy had been called Columbus because of his interest in that explorer now read with equal enthusiasm the voyages of Captain Cook. In one place Cook discussed the possibility of a Christian Mission to the South Sea Islands, and came to the conclusion that such a mission would never be undertaken, since there was no money to be made out of it. Carey longed to prove that there was a greater passion than the love of money—the love of Christ, which would lead men to greater daring than that of the old merchant adventurers.

Carey by being a missionary at home prepared in the best possible way for the work of a missionary abroad. As a pastor

it was his great aim, as it had been when he was a local preacher, to win converts. And it was the fact that converts were won that led people to gather in increasing numbers to hear Carey preach. Among those who were baptised during the first year was his own wife, showing that the reality of his Christian life was as conspicuous in his own home as it had been in the old home at Paulers Pury.

CHAPTER X

The Generosity of Mr. Gotch

ANDREW FULLER was one of the principal Baptist ministers in Northamptonshire in those days, and visiting Carey at Moulton discovered, as Thomas Scott had done, the way in which he was working at Greek and Hebrew. It happened that the Mr. Gotch for whom Carey worked was a deacon of Mr. Fuller's church, and when he next met him Fuller spoke to Gotch about Carey thus:

"You have a village pastor working for you, have you not, named Carey?"

"Yes, he brings across a bag of shoes every week from a village called Moulton."

"Do you know that he has taught himself Dutch, and that he reads the Old Testament in Hebrew, and the New Testament in Greek?"

"You don't say so? However does he find time for such learning, with his Sunday sermons to prepare, his school to teach, and a bag of shoes to be made every week?"

"It is sheer perseverance," said Fuller; "but it does seem a pity that a man with such ability should have so little leisure."

Gotch thought over this a good deal during the next few days, and when Carey arrived with the next lot of shoes, he said, "Let me see, Mr. Carey, how much do you earn a week by your shoemaking?"

"Nine or ten shillings, sir," said Carey.

Then Gotch, with laughing eyes, said, "I've a secret for you. I don't want you to spoil any more of my leather, but get on as fast as you can with Latin, Hebrew, and Greek, and I'll allow you ten shillings weekly from my private purse."

Gotch spoke jokingly to cover the difficulty that an Englishman always feels in offering another money. What he really meant was that he did not want such a mind as Carey's wasted on such rough material as leather.

Carey walked on air as he returned home that day. How he planned and schemed, desiring to make the best possible use of his new found leisure, and especially by what means he could bring the great ambition of his life a step nearer.

Carey was now a member of the Ministers' Fraternal. Dressed in black

coat and breeches, with black stockings and buckled shoes, and wearing a large white cravat, the minister possessed a dignity and solemnity unknown in our time. At one of their gatherings held at Gotch's house a question arose concerning a small East Indian Island. None of the leaders present could give the required information. At last, to the amazement of all, Carey, an unknown village pastor, rose and with some diffidence gave its location, length, breadth, nature, and the number and religious character of its inhabitants.

On another ocasion, the elder Mr. Ryland, with great condescension, called on the younger brethren present to suggest subjects for discussion. When it came to Carey's turn he proposed that they should consider whether it was not the duty of Christians in every age to obey the command of Jesus to teach all nations, since that command ends with the words, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This was too much for the stern Calvinist. "Sit down, young man," he said. "When God wants to convert the world He will do it without your help."

Carey was much hurt by this rebuke, but he continued to talk about the matter to those he met. Thus it came about that meeting one day with Mr. Thomas Potts at Birmingham, the following conversation took place:

"Pray, friend Carey, what is it you have got into your head about missions? I understand you introduce the subject on all occasions."

"Why, I think, sir, it is highly important that something should be done for the heathen."

"But how can it be done, and who will do it?"

"Why, if you ask who, I have made up my mind that if a few friends can be found who will send me out, and support me for twelve months after my arrival, I myself will engage to go wherever Providence shall open a door."

"But where would you go? Have you thought of that, friend Carey?"

"Yes, I certainly have. Were I to follow my inclination, and had the means at command, the islands of the South Seas would be the scene of my labours."

"Why, friend Carey, the thought is new, and the religious public is not



THE VILLAGE OF PIDDINGTON, WHERE CAREY SERVED HIS APPRENTICESHIP AS SHOEMAKER

(Photo by H. E. Cooper, Northampton

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prepared for such undertakings. Why don't you write something on the subject?"

"I did try writing a piece, but was not satisfied with it."

"If you cannot do it as you wish, yet do it as well as you can. You have just now bound yourself to do all you can for this purpose, and I must keep you to your word. Print upon the subject, and I will pay ten pounds towards the expense."

Being thus caught through his own zeal, he could not get off except by promising that he would write, if he could not prevail on some one more competent to undertake it. Hearing this, others joined in, saying, "Do, by all means write your thoughts down as soon as you can; but be not in a hurry to print them. Let us look over them, and see if anything need be omitted, altered, or added." Thus it was that Carey was led to write the famous "Inquiry."

Thomas Potts, who encouraged Carey in this way, was in some respects a man after Carey's own heart. Living in America in his youth, he was not only on the most friendly terms with the Indians, but treated the negro slaves as brothers, and joined with them in worship.

CHAPTER XI

Waking up the Churches

"So here you are! What sort of meetings have you had?" said Mrs. Carey, when Carey returned from the Baptist Association Easter gathering which that year (1791) was held at Clipstone.

"The finest meetings I have ever attended," exclaimed Carey with enthusiasm. "Did Sutcliffe preach a good sermon?"

"Splendid." "And Fuller?"

"I have rarely seen a congregation more deeply moved."

"What did they speak about?"

"Sutcliffe preached on 'Jealousy for God,' and Fuller on 'The Disaster of Delay.' Both dwelt on the need for more zeal, and the sin of negligence."

"Had they provided a good dinner for the ministers at the inn?"

"Yes, it was all right, but I did not notice much what we were eating."

"I expect you had a jolly time. However solemn ministers are in the pulpit, there is generally plenty of fun when they dine together."

"Perhaps it is well that it is so, for a bow should not be always strung. But this time every one was so impressed with the sermons that scarcely an idle word was spoken."

"What sort of time did you have at the Manse after the meetings? I'll be bound you were jolly enough there, with tales of college days, jokes, and stories."

"No, you're wrong this time. The ministers sat till after midnight discussing the subject of a mission to the heathen."

"Did they decide to start such a mission?"

"No," admitted Carey sorrowfully.

"I thought as much. Nothing will come of all this talk."

"They thought it best for the matter to be put before the churches, and urged the speedy publication of the 'Inquiry.'"

In the meantime Carey had received an invitation to leave his village pastorate, and go to Harvey Lane, Leicester. The Recognition Service was just a month after the meetings at Clipstone, and at the

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close Carey read to a little group as much of the "Inquiry" as had then been written. It was a remarkable piece of work, such as few of the most learned men of that day could have written. In a small, unknown village, far from libraries, a village pastor surveyed the whole world, and then set down the reasons for missionary work, and the means by which such a mission could be established and carried on.

"The first objection raised against missions is the great distance that many of these heathen lands are from us. But the invention of the mariner's compass has made it as easy to sail through the great South Sea, as through the Mediterranean. Trading companies carry commerce to such places, and Scripture has prophesied that trading ships should be the means of carrying the Gospel far and wide. 'Surely the isles shall wait for me: the ships of Tarshish first to bring thy sons from afar.'

"A second objection is that the people are uncivilised and barbarous; but Christian missionaries in the early days went among the barbarous Germans and Gauls, and the still more barbarous Britons. They did not wait for these

ancient inhabitants to be first civilised, but went simply with the doctrine of the Cross; and Tertullian could boast that, 'Those parts of Britain which were proof against the Roman armies were conquered by the Gospel of Christ.' The more barbarous people are, the more need there is to teach them.

"A third objection is the danger of being killed; but Paul and Barnabas hazarded their lives for the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and they were not blamed as being rash, but commended for so doing.

"There is the difficulty of getting food; but even though European food cannot be obtained, missionaries could live on the same food as the natives themselves."

Then, imbued with the spirit he had absorbed from his favourite books of travel and adventure, he bursts forth:

"When a trading company have obtained their charter, they usually go to its utmost limits; and their stocks, their ships, their officers and men are so chosen and regulated as to be likely to answer their purpose. Encouraged by the prospect of success, they use every effort to accomplish it; they cross the widest and most tempestuous

seas, and encounter the most unfavourable climates; they introduce themselves into the most barbarous nations, and sometimes undergo the most affecting hardships. Their souls enter into the spirit of the project, and their happiness depends on its success. Christians are a body whose truest interest lies in the exaltation of the Messiah's Kingdom. Their charter is very extensive, their encouragements exceedingly great, and the returns promised infinitely superior to all the gains of the most lucrative trading company. Let every one consider himself bound to act with all his might, and in every possible way for God."

The rules for missionaries are as useful as when first written: "Missionaries must be good and wise men, full of courage and patience, with true faith in the Christian Gospel. They must enter into their work with their whole hearts, being willing to leave the comforts of life behind them, and endure hardship, whether it be the heat of the tropics, or the cold of Greenland. When they arrive in a foreign country they must first set to work to learn the language, and must try by every means possible to make friends with the

people. If they are badly treated they must not show resentment, and above all they must guard against being proud and despising the poor heathen. They should grow their own food, and thus be self-supporting."

"It closes with some practical suggestions. A missionary society should be formed by men whose hearts are in the work, with a committee, and subscriptions from rich and poor of a tenth of their income for both village preaching and foreign missions; or that at least every member of the congregation should contribute a penny a week."

CHAPTER XII

The Famous Sermon

THE ministers' meeting of 1892 came round. This time it was at Nottingham, and Carey the preacher. The "Inquiry" had been printed, and was on sale at the door. The two divisions of the sermon were the famous words that have ever since been the motto of the Baptist Missionary Society:

> "Expect great things from God,
> Attempt great things for God."

If all the people had wept aloud it would not have been surprising, so clearly did Carey prove the great wrong Christians were doing in keeping the Good News to themselves and not preaching to the heathen. But they did not weep. They did not even wait. At the end they got up to go home as usual, just as if this sermon were no different from any other sermon. When Carey saw the people streaming out of the

door, he hastened down from the pulpit, and seizing Andrew Fuller's hand, said: "Are we not going to do anything? Oh, Fuller, call them back! We dare not separate without doing something."

Even now the ministers were afraid to venture, but Carey's pleading won over Fuller, so they decided that a plan should be prepared for the next meeting at Kettering four months later.

Thus it came to pass that at Kettering on October 2, 1792, twelve ministers and a student from Bristol College met in Widow Wallis's back parlour to consider this plan. Not half of them had been to Nottingham, so had not heard Carey's sermon. Carey had to begin all over again.

At last, getting out the last number of the periodical accounts of the Moravian Missions, he gave an account of its contents. "See what the Moravians are doing," he said, "and some of them British like ourselves, and many only artisan and poor. Can't we Baptists at least attempt something?"

They agreed to make a start. Each was asked to write down what he was willing to give. The total amounted to £13/2/6. Thus was founded the society which during

the last hundred and thirty-eight years has preached the Gospel to millions and established churches, schools, and hospitals in India; has bought the road through darkest Africa by the lives of its valiant pioneers; and has earned the martyr's crown in China. Nor does its work stand alone, for the example of Kettering was followed by every Protestant denomination in England and America.

CHAPTER XIII

Dr. Thomas Appears on the Scene.

WHEN the committee next met they may well have thought that they had been altogether too hasty in starting a Missionary Society on £13/2/6, but Samuel Pearce arrived from Birmingham with no less than £70, contributed by Cannon Street, the church whose deacon, Mr. Thomas Potts, had paid for the printing of the "Inquiry." Carey, too, was able to send £20, the donation of a Newcastle friend, who promised to subscribe four guineas a year.

The next question was where to start, and whom to send. The interest that had been awakened in Carey's soul by reading the voyages of Captain Cook led him to desire to establish a mission in the South Sea Islands, and it was the great longing of his life that he himself might be the missionary.

Just at this time Carey received a letter from a Dr. Thomas, saying that he was

trying to start a fund in London for mission work in Bengal, and he meant to be at the Kettering meeting, but forgot the time.

This was very different from the South Sea plan, and might lead to Thomas being the missionary instead of himself, but Carey sent on the letter to the committee to see if the two schemes might be united and a fund raised to send the Gospel to the heathen indefinitely.

We must stop awhile to learn something about this Dr. Thomas, who appeared so mysteriously on the scene; for his coming changed Carey's goal from the South Seas to India, and for many years Thomas continued to play a great part in the life and plans of Carey.

Thomas was born at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, in 1757. As a boy he made small progress at school; but if it were a matter of bird-nesting, shooting, fishing, or any similar sport John entered into it with his whole heart. Once he ran away from home; on several occasions he had narrow escapes from death; and when it came to apprenticing him, eight or nine things were tried before he finally settled down as a medical student.

At the age of twenty-four, unable to support himself, he married a wife, and his affairs went from bad to worse, until he says: "I grew so poor that after being teased by many people, very often in a pressing manner for debts I could not pay, after being arrested and for two days imprisoned, I left off business, and had much difficulty and distress in raising a shilling to defray the expenses of a day. Almost every valuable I had was in pledge, and the money gone." In the end he obtained a position as surgeon on the *Earl of Oxford*, one of the Honourable East India Company's ships, and sailed with the fleet to India.

In due course they arrived at their destination, and anchored at Diamond Harbour, just below Calcutta. It was good to be in port after the long voyage. Especially good to have fresh water, after drinking from barrels tasting of tar; and what a change it was to have an abundance of goat mutton, fowls, fruit, and vegetables after salt pork and mouldy biscuits. Every one rejoiced in the new fare, with never a thought of danger. But a short while afterwards a sailor was reported seriously ill, and a couple of hours later

his dead body was carried up on deck.

"Where shall we lay him out, sir?" asked the leader of the carrying party to the officer on duty.

"Over that side. Don't bring him near here," exclaimed the frightened officer. Two hours later this same officer was himself being laid out for burial.

Then the epidemic of cholera—one of the most terrible of plagues—swept through the fleet, until in some ships there were not enough living left to bury the dead. Without a coffin, without a prayer or service of any kind, they were buried by the natives.

From any other port the fleet would have put to sea to let the winds of Heaven blow away the infection, but Calcutta is ninety miles from the sea, and the Hugli is filled with treacherous sandbanks. It was impossible to navigate the fleet under these conditions. They had to stop and go through with it.

There were two surgeons attached to the fleet, but one of these on the *Lord M'Cartney* himself died and was buried without ceremony, and it was left to Dr. Thomas, of the *Earl of Oxford*, to fight the epidemic single-handed. He went

from ship to ship, putting heart into the panic-stricken, doing everything possible for the sick, and pointing the dying to a merciful Saviour.

When the cold weather came, things improved in the fleet, and Thomas was able to visit Calcutta. This was in 1783, only twenty-seven years after the massacre of the British in the Black Hole. Clive had gone home six years earlier, but Warren Hastings was still Governor-General.

No city could have looked more beautiful on approaching it than Calcutta at this time. For miles along the river bank there was a succession of splendid mansions with lawns and gardens, rich in everything that wealth could buy or the luxuriant climate of the tropics produce, sloping right down to the water's edge.

The river itself was a forest of masts with merchantmen or ships of the line continually passing to and fro, with all sails set, while there was every kind of smaller craft, fishing boats, canoes, house-boats, and boats built in fantastic shapes such as birds or snakes.

On nearing the city one saw Fort William, with its sloping sides beautifully kept, and the great English houses along

Chowringhee and the Esplanade which gave to Calcutta the name of a city of palaces. It is true that Calcutta was built in a swamp and surrounded by a ditch, but this was hidden from view by the wonderful green of the forest surrounding the city.

As an officer of the fleet Thomas was able to mix freely with the gentlemen he met at the hotel where he stopped for refreshments.

"What do you think of Calcutta, sir?" was naturally one of the first questions.

"It presents a most elegant view from the river," replied Thomas.

"The view's all right," chimed in another, "but the climate's execrable. You are baked four months, boiled four months, and then left four months to cool."

Similar remarks were general. "If I had enough money to retire on, I would leave Bengal to take care of itself, and I wouldn't stay here another two years for a fortune."

"Insects and undertakers are the only living things which seem to enjoy the climate."

"All the fruits of the tropics are not worth a pound of English strawberries."



WILLIAM CAREY SHOWING HIS MAP OF THE WORLD

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"What sort of people are the English here?" asked Thomas.

"Men who have gone to the dogs in England, and then been shipped out East by relatives only too glad to be rid of them. They arrive in Calcutta without a penny, borrow money at a high rate of interest from a native money-lender, and set up an expensive establishment, most likely with a carriage and four. If they are fortunate, so easily is money made, they return after a few years as wealthy nabobs; or, losing money gambling, they remain for ever in the clutches of the money-lender. Many do not live long. We had forty funerals last winter."

"There is high living, and hard living, as you say," continued another speaker; "and you might add that young women only come out here for the chance of getting married, and do nothing but paint and powder and dress and dance. But man or woman, you'll find a wonderful amount of kindness and generosity in Calcutta, and when it comes to being in a tight place you find what English pluck and daring means. Look at Mrs. Fay."

"Who was Mrs. Fay?" interrupted Thomas.

"Haven't you heard of Mrs. Fay? Why, after a perilous journey across the desert of Suez, she embarked for India in a ship so stripped by brigands that there were only chairs to sit on as the ship's carpenter made them one at a time. Then after a terrible voyage in this unseaworthy ship they put in at the first Indian port, only to find themselves prisoners of Hyder Ali. But never a grumble, never a murmur from Mrs. Fay. She was the brains of the party."

"Mrs. Hickey, again," instanced another speaker. "The storms were so dreadful that all her clothes and other belongings were battered to pulp, and she landed with only the clothes she stood up in to find herself a prisoner of the French."

"Is there a church in Calcutta?" asked Thomas. Every one stared in surprise at the question.

"No, there is no church here," was the reply. "Sunday is the great day for horse racing, but the chaplain reads the service in a room in Fort William."

Thus in one way and another Thomas learned a good deal about life in Calcutta. It was the custom to rise early and go out for a ride on horseback. Breakfast

followed, and then to office. The working day ended at dinner time, which was between two and three. There were no punkas in those days, and no ice, but the houses were kept cool by thick walls, sometimes a yard thick, and in the hot weather people got through the hottest part of the day simply by going to bed after dinner. This was so general that the streets were deserted between four and five. In the evening every one went for an airing. Most people drove to the race-course in the grandest carriages drawn by the finest horses. Some went so far as to have postillions in grand uniforms mounted on the horses. Those who did not drive went boating on the Hugli. Hickey, one of the smart men of that time, had the fastest boat on the river, 48 feet long, with twelve men to row, one to steer, and one to look out at the bow.

Thomas took the remarkable course of advertising in the *Indian Gazette* for any serious person, high or low, who would join in a plan to spread the knowledge of Jesus Christ in and about Bengal, but nothing came of this, and Thomas returned to England.

CHAPTER XIV

The First Baptist Missionaries

WHILE in England Thomas was baptised, and on his second voyage to India, again on the *Earl of Oxford*, we find him holding religious services in his cabin. These were attended by a small congregation. During this visit to India he met a few Christian gentlemen who held meetings for prayer and preaching in their own homes. Among these were Mr. Robert Udny and Mr. Charles Grant. These men were so impressed by his preaching and so moved by his desire to preach to the heathen that they got him to give up his position on the ship, and agreed to support him as a missionary.

Unfortunately, on leaving the ship he had to pay another doctor a large sum to take his place, and thus started his new life in debt. In addition to this, trouble arose between himself and his new friends on account of the manner in which he

wrote to them on subjects on which they disagreed, such as baptism by immersion. One such letter ran to eighty-eight pages. At last things came to such a pass that Mr. Grant would not allow Thomas to preach at his house any longer, and gave up supporting him. Left thus to himself, and altogether without means, Thomas soon drifted into a desperate position.

Then the other side of Thomas came to the front. Alone, forsaken, sinking deeper and deeper into debt, he at the same time carried on his preaching to the heathen with a passionate desire for their conversion. Few Missionaries have pleaded with the Indians with their whole heart and soul and strength as did Thomas. At the same time he lacked all the aids of later missionaries. He was obliged to translate into Bengali passages of the Bible that he wished to read, or from which he was to preach. Having no tracts, he would copy out such passages in beautiful handwriting, and give them to those who could read. Such a stir was made by his work that the English Christians were compelled to forgive him. They settled some of his debts, allowed him seventeen pounds, ten shillings a month, and finally assisted him

to return to England. Here he arrived just at the time when Carey was rousing people to the need of saving the heathen, and thus sent to Carey his letter concerning a mission to Bengal.

A meeting of the committee was soon held, with Carey and Thomas present. With his passionate enthusiasm, with his heart aflame with zeal, Thomas told of his experiences in India, of the cruelty of Hinduism, the widows that he had himself seen burnt by the side of their dead husbands; of the longings of the people for God, their penances, their pilgrimages; of the converts coming forward, and calling out to the people of England to send them teachers. In all this Thomas was at his best. The committee accepted him on the spot.

"I suppose £75 a year would be sufficient for a family in India," said Fuller.

Thomas was the last man to give a trustworthy opinion on such a subject. With his usual optimism regarding money matters, he replied: "I have no doubt that £75 would be quite sufficient. At Malda for half a crown (the value of the rupee in those days) you can buy thirty fowls, fifteen ducks, a pig, a sheep, or a deer.

Kids and lambs can be bought for eightpence, and eighteen shillings would build an excellent house."

All this was no doubt true, but it was not the whole truth, as the missionaries found out later to their cost. Still, as Thomas has been blamed for the disasters of the first year in India, it is only fair to point out that he only made out the best possible case for a salary of £75, because there was no likelihood of the Society being able to pay more. Even without Thomas, the committee would most likely have fixed the same sum, so little was then known of life in India.

"Do you think a missionary could support himself in India?" asked Carey.

"Most certainly he could. Not, of course, at the start, but if he had provision from home for the first year or two, there is no reason why he should not be entirely self-supporting afterwards."

This removed Carey's personal difficulties, and he said, "Mr. Fuller, I wish to volunteer as a missionary to work with Dr. Thomas in Bengal."

Thomas was so overjoyed that he threw his arms round Carey's neck.

The committee at once accepted Carey

to be the companion of Thomas in the mission to Bengal. After all the years of waiting and planning, things were beginning to move quickly now. This meeting had been held merely for a further careful consideration of the subject, but the committee was carried away by a wave of enthusiasm, and it must have been a surprise even to themselves to find that at the end a mission had been launched, and men engaged for the work. And what were the feelings of Carey when he found the dreams of a lifetime realised? How he must have been transported as he walked home from this wonderful committee meeting. The last barriers were swept away, and there was an open way before him.

CHAPTER XV

Home Difficulties

THE children were in bed, and Mrs. Carey was busy laying the supper, when Carey entered.

"A missionary society has been really started, and Dr. Thomas and I have been accepted as the missionaries to go to India," said Carey, plunging into the subject.

Mrs. Carey stopped with the bread plate in one hand and the knife in the other. "Whatever is this you are saying?"

"Dr. Thomas and I have been appointed as missionaries to go to India," repeated Carey.

"Whatever nonsense is this? How can you go to India? Do you propose to leave me and the children, and go on a wild adventure to the other end of the world?"

"No, I mean to take you all with me."

"That I'll never do. I'm not going to be drowned in the sea, nor killed by black men. Nor will I ever consent to your going. If they must have a mission to the heathen, let the young unmarried men go and risk their lives."

The next day when other members of the family gathered to talk things over it was no better.

"It is the folly of one mad," exclaimed Carey's father, and at any attempt to reason with Dorothy she broke down and wept.

At last Fuller had to come and use his influence, and it was decided that Carey should go to India, taking Felix, the eldest boy, with him for company, and that Mrs. Carey should remain behind with the two younger boys until Carey had got settled in the work and could return to fetch them.

Passages were booked on board Thomas' old ship, the *Earl of Oxford*, which was to sail in April, and in the meantime both Carey and Thomas went round to the churches on "deputation," collecting money on behalf of the society.

The most interesting thing that happened to Carey during these visits to the churches

was meeting with a young man named William Ward, a printer, of Derby.

"If the Lord bless us," said Carey, "we shall want a person of your business to enable us to print the Scriptures. I hope you will come after us."

The time of departure arrived. "Good-bye, Dorothy; be brave. The time will soon pass, and we shall be back again to fetch you. God will take care of you. We shall always pray for you. Write often. Good-bye, Peter! Good-bye, Kitty——!"

Carey tore himself away. The coachman mounted the box. The guard, with a carbine ready cocked lying across his knee as a protection against highwaymen, blew a long blast on his horn. The passengers scrambled into their seats, and the stage-coach was off.

If Felix was a tear-stained little boy as he left his mother, he was too interested in the journey to remain so long. The coach groaned and creaked and swayed over the dreadful roads; past fields and orchards, tiny hamlets and sleepy market towns; past country churches with steeples, and inns with swinging signs; stopping now at the cross roads for a passenger to

alight, or at an hostelry for a change of horses; on, on they sped, until Felix, worn with excitement and rocked by the motion of the coach, fell fast asleep; while Carey pondered over those he had left behind, and the new world to which he was going.

Felix woke up as they rattled over the cobblestones along the narrow streets of London town. Here there were fine shops with bow windows of small panes of glass, and on the footpath, separated from the dirty road by posts and chains, walked the fashionable people of the day, ladies with such high heels to their shoes, and such a mass of white powdered hair towering above their heads that they looked seven feet high, and gentlemen with powdered wigs, wearing low-crowned hats and swallow-tail coats.

They stopped the night at an hotel, and then there was another coach to Portsmouth, and so at last to the *Earl of Oxford*, lying in the Solent. No ship could sail in those troublous days without a convoy, and for this, after all their hurry, they waited six weeks.

CHAPTER XVI

The Warning Letter

WHILE waiting in the Solent Carey received the news that another son had been born to him, and his mother had named him Jabez, which means "sorrowful." Carey wrote in reply: "If I had all the world I would freely give it all to have you and my dear children with me, but the sense of duty is so strong as to overpower all other considerations. I could not turn back without guilt on my soul. We do not know when we shall go, but I expect it will be a week at farthest. Tell my dear children I love them dearly, and pray for them constantly. Felix sends his love. I look upon this mercy as an answer to prayer indeed. Trust in God. Love to Kitty, brothers, sisters, etc. Be assured I love you affectionately."

But they did not sail in a week. Just when the convoy was finally expected a letter came to the captain signed "Verax,"

saying, "I warn you that you have a passenger on board who has not received the permission of the Court of Directors of the East India Company to go to India. If you take such a passenger in your ship you will be deprived of your command."

The captain was obliged to tell both Carey and Thomas that they must disembark, and that only Mrs. Thomas, who had the necessary permission, could proceed. The baggage was taken out, and Carey with a heart heavier than all left the ship with his companion. After their six weeks of waiting they had the tantalising experience of standing on the jetty at Ryde, and watching the fleet of ships sail off for the East without them.

In this great emergency, when Carey was at his wits' end, Thomas rose to the occasion and worked wonders. The events crowded on each other with the rapidity and dramatic effect of a cinema film. While Carey wrote the sad news to his wife, Thomas was off to a coffee house frequented by sailors. "Can you tell me," he said to one of the waiters, "whether any Swedish or Danish ship is expected to sail from Europe for Bengal?"

To his joy the waiter put into his hand a card on which was written these inspiring words:

A DANISH EAST INDIAMAN.
No. 10 Cannon Street.

"No more tears that night! Our courage revived. We fled to No. 10 Cannon Street, and found it was the office of Smith & Co., Agents, and that the ship, the *Kron Princessa Maria*, was hourly expected in Dover Roads, would make no stay there, and the terms were £100 for a passenger, £50 for a child, £25 for an attendant. We went away wishing for money."

Yes, that was where the difficulty now lay, for on leaving the *Earl of Oxford* only £150 had been refunded to them.

"You and Felix go for the £150," said Thomas generously, "and I will follow when I get the chance."

"No, I will never go, leaving you behind," replied Carey. "Besides, there is just a chance that Mrs. Carey may change her mind and come with us."

They took a post-chaise to Northampton, and reached Piddington, where Mrs. Carey had gone to live, early the next morning. Thomas pleaded with words and

Carey with tears, but nothing would induce Dorothy Carey to go. They dare not delay, so set off for Northampton to try and get some money. No sooner had they started than Thomas, seeing how deeply. grieved Carey was to go without his wife, said, "Come, let us go back and try once more to persuade her to join us."

"It would be no use."

"I will go back anyway."

"Do as you think proper, but I think we are wasting time."

Thomas re-entered the cottage, and said, "Mrs. Carey, if you do not now go to India your family will be dispersed and divided for ever, and you will repent it as long as you live."

By chance Thomas had hit on the one argument that would prevail. Strong as was the countrywoman's aversion to leaving home and going to a foreign land, a divided family seemed a worse evil still. She was now afraid to stay, and in a few minutes said, "I will go, trusting in the Lord, but on condition that my sister Kitty comes with us."

Kitty slipped up to her bedroom to pray, and when she came down she, too, was willing. The news was at once conveyed

to Carey waiting outside, and he hurried back to let his wife know how joyful he was at her decision.

Leaving husband and wife together, Thomas managed to have a few words with Kitty. "Miss Plackett, it is a matter for great rejoicing that you and Mrs. Carey are coming with us, but there is the question of the fares. To save money I have decided to go as an attendant at £25. I wonder whether you would be willing to do the same?"

To go as a servant, with the rough accommodation and food that was likely to be provided at but a quarter of the price paid for an ordinary passage was no easy thing, but having made the great decision, Kitty was not to be hindered by lesser hardships. She unhesitatingly declared her willingness to do so.

Carey and Thomas set off for Northamptonshire once more like two different men. The difficulties had been removed in one direction, but greatly increased in another. The previous day the extra hundred pounds necessary for the three of them seemed a great barrier, but now they were a party of eight. This meant that they really needed another £400.

To raise such a sum was out of the question, but with optimism, which was for once justified, Thomas decided to ask Ryland for £200.

Having received a letter that morning to the effect that the adventure was lost, and maybe the whole of the £250, Ryland was amazed at the joyful couple who burst in upon him.

"A *Danish* East Indiaman is expected daily off Dover," exclaimed Thomas, "and we can sail in her without the Company's permission."

"Mrs. Carey and her sister Kitty have agreed to go with us," chimed in Carey.

"Which means that we want money for the fares," said Thomas.

"How much?" asked Ryland.

"We must have another £200," said Thomas, hoping somehow or other to manage on that sum.

"Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed Ryland. "I do not possess more than thirteen pounds."

"We must have £200 somehow or other. We cannot do with a penny less," repeated Thomas.

Ryland thought for a few minutes, then he remembered: "I have a bill from

Fawcett in Yorkshire for that very amount. Certainly it is not due yet, but if you take it to Fuller at Kettering he will most likely be able to borrow the money on it."

"We cannot stop to go to Kettering," they both exclaimed. "We must be off to London at once, or we may lose our chance in this ship."

Ryland at last wrote letters to the London ministers, asking them to advance this sum, and the travellers started off once more.

Back in London Thomas laid his surprising suggestions before Messrs. Smith & Co., offering three hundred guineas for the eight. "I was moved," he wrote, "to see the hand of God on this occasion in the accepting of these terms: the lowest, I suppose, that ever were heard of."

The passage money paid, the Careys went straight to Dover, while Thomas hurried off to Portsmouth for the baggage that had been left there. There was no time to take this to Dover by road, and it seemed impossible to hire a boat, the boatmen declaring that the Channel swarmed with French privateers, and that the risk of capture was so great that they would not go for any money. Then a boatman

offered to make the trip in an open boat for twenty guineas. Thomas, though he was in constant terror lest he should lose the ship, could not pay such a sum. At last, after two days spent in an agony of impatience he found a fisherman willing to go for nine guineas. The bargain was concluded, the packages put on board, and the next morning they landed safely at Dover, having run through the privateers (if there were any) in the dark.

After all this haste there was a fortnight's delay through contrary winds. No boatman would agree to put them on board the *Kron Princessa Maria* when she arrived for less than three guineas.

At last they were aroused from their sleep at three o'clock one morning by the news that the ship was in the roads. While the Careys dressed the children, Thomas wrote to a friend in London, "The ship is here, the signal is made, the guns are fired, and we are going with a fine, fair wind."

CHAPTER XVII

The "Kron Princessa Maria"

THOMAS thought that the passengers who had paid £100 each would look down upon the missionaries who had only paid three hundred guineas for the eight of them. He himself was prepared for a very lonely, uncomfortable voyage. All such fears were soon set at rest. Captain Christmas ordered the largest and best cabin in the ship to be prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Carey, gave cabins to Thomas and Kitty Plackett, and insisted upon all of them sharing his table.

The *Kron Princessa Maria* was a sailing ship, only 130 feet in length. A modern liner can be very unsteady steaming through the choppy waters of the Channel, but this is nothing compared to the rolling of a small sailing vessel, not only tossed by the waves, but heeling over in the most sickening manner at every change of the sails. The one advantage in those

days was that people who were so thoroughly ill at first, once having got their sea legs, they were untroubled the rest of the voyage. We can draw a veil, then, over the Careys while they sail down the troubled waters of the Channel and through the Bay of Biscay, and look in on them again as they sail down the coast of Spain.

The ship with her white sails spread was a beautiful sight, rising and falling, on the blue waters, as she was wafted along by the wind; or rushing before a spanking breeze, yacht-like, with the mast and sails at such an angle that they seemed as if they would dip into the sea.

There was much to interest them in this new life—the sailors with ear-rings in their ears, tarry pigtails hanging down their backs, and anchors, sailing ships, and other designs tattooed upon their arms and chests. There was the working of the ship, the man at the helm, the captain on the quarter-deck, the lookout in the crow's nest, men crawling along the rigging at a giddy height in the most daring fashion, and gangs of sailors hauling together on the ropes to the tune of some rollicking sea shanty. There were passing ships, and glimpses of the shore when their course

lay near the land. Carey had enough of the youthful spirit that had revelled in the adventures of Captain Cook to enter into all of this, and Felix was in his element. He learnt to box the compass, to make every kind of knot, and to distinguish the various craft they passed by their rigging.

The children were interested in the small farm yard that the ship carried. It consisted of a few fowls, the number of which gradually decreased as one after another was slain to furnish fresh meat. These made a great cackling noise when they were being fed. There were also a few sheep, and a cow which gave milk. These only took the mind of Mrs. Carey back to the home she had left behind, the hens she had kept, the sheep and cows grazing in the fields she loved.

"You are like Lot's wife, always looking back," said Thomas.

"But I am not looking back to a wicked, heathen city, sir; rather I fear that it is to such a place that we are travelling."

Every one settled down to regular work. Thomas and Carey occupied themselves with Bengali, Mrs. Carey and Kitty sewed, making garments from material bought in the hurry of leaving. Felix had lessons,

and there were services on Sunday, and morning and evening prayers.

Sometimes the wind dropped and the ship was becalmed. This was very interesting for a while, for they caught fish over the vessel's side, and so had a pleasant change of diet, but it soon became monotonous. During the voyage they encountered one big storm. Carey was awakened by the violent rolling of the ship, and found stools, tables, and everything that was not secure rolling about the cabin. There was a great crashing of glass and crockery throughout the ship. Jumping out of his berth, Carey put everything to rights, and was just going to lie down again when there came a knock at the door.

"Yes, what is it?" he asked, opening the door.

It was Thomas who knocked. "I have just come to let you know that we have carried away our main and fore-top masts," he explained.

Mrs. Carey and the children roused up at this grave news.

"Stay in bed, all of you, I beseech you," said Carey, "or you will have your limbs broken by the things rolling about.

I will find out how things stand and let you know."

In the night, lighted by the bright moonlight, Carey looked forth on a shocking scene. The waves rose like mountains and beat the ship in all directions. The masts, yards, sails, and rigging hung over the sides, beating against the ship, and sailors hung upon the ropes and climbed along the spars, unrigging the broken masts and cutting them loose.

Carey was only away a few minutes, but it seemed an age to Mrs. Carey as she lay holding on to the bunk, thinking every moment would be her last, while the ship seemed to be shooting down to the bottom of the sea, and the crash of broken crockery and moving objects grew worse and worse.

"Whatever has happened?" she cried, as Carey appeared once more in the doorway. "I thought we were done for."

"We very nearly were. The ship was mounted on the top of a wave that seemed fifty or sixty yards high, and from this descended almost perpendicularly. Neither I nor any of the sailors who saw her going expected her to recover."

"Whatever did you do?"

"I resigned myself to the will of God,

and clung to the nearest available support to prevent being tossed overboard. The plunge was terrible. The bowsprit went right under the water, and the jib-boom was carried away, but in a moment the ship recovered from the plunge."

CHAPTER XVIII

The Arrival in Bengal

THE voyage lasted five months. They all kept good health, and Baby Jabez made better progress than he would have done on shore. But the women and children grew very tired of the cramped life on a small ship, and weary of the eternal blue of the sea. The close of the voyage was especially tedious, for the winds were fickle and contrary in the Bay of Bengal, where for nearly a month the ship made little progress, the strong current sweeping them back as often as any advance was made.

At last they entered the mouth of the Hugli on the 9th November, 1793. Fishing boats came alongside, and Carey looked with deep interest on the natives of Bengal. The next day (Sunday) the missionaries left the ship, to travel to Calcutta in a small native boat.

"Whatever is that noise?" asked Mrs.

Carey, as a humming sound rose to Heaven as if hundreds of people were talking all together.

"That is a market," explained Thomas. "The Bengalis when they meet together are never silent, but talk incessantly."

"I should like to see what an Indian market is like," said Felix.

"So you shall," replied Thomas. "We must tie up here for the next tide, and this will give us time not only to see the market, but to preach as well."

They were soon on shore, and walked around the market followed by a dense crowd of curious Indians. The things for sale were spread on the ground, under the shade of large trees—rice in baskets, fowls tied together by the legs, and fruit and vegetables on grass mats.

At first the attention they received was rather amusing, but it soon became extremely irksome.

"I do wish these people wouldn't crowd on us so," said Mrs. Carey to Kitty. "Why can't they go about their business, and let us walk round in peace?"

"The women are worse than the men," replied Kitty. "They come feeling my clothes, and even touching my face."

"And what makes it worse," added Mrs. Carey, "is that in addition to the babel of noise, and the heat of the people surging round, the ground seems to be going up and down so that I can scarcely walk straight."

"Yes, isn't it remarkable?" said Kitty. "I thought it would be so nice to be on solid earth again, and now I feel the motion of the ship worse than when we were on board."

At last they sat down in the shade on mats that the stall-keepers were kind enough to offer them, while Thomas stood and preached. Two English ladies, four English children, one a baby, and two sahibs, one speaking their own language, all this together was such a novelty that the people left their buying and selling and swarmed round.

Carey's heart was too full for words. Could it be that he was really in a heathen land at last, listening to the Gospel being preached to the people? How they crowded round! Could it be that they were eager to hear?

When Thomas had finished his earnest appeal a stall-keeper came forward, and, folding his hands before his face, and

bowing nearly to the ground, begged them to come to his house for a meal. This they were all ready to do, as the morning's work had made them hungry. The white rice and queer-looking mixture of vegetables called curry was served on large leaves instead of plates, and they all sat round on mats.

"Where are the knives and forks and spoons?" asked the children.

"The Indians do not use such things," explained Thomas. "We shall have to eat with our fingers; but they will bring round water first for us to wash our hands."

Sure enough a man came round with an earthen water pot, and poured water over each pair of hands held out in turn. It was nothing strange to Thomas to be sitting thus eating native fashion, but Carey was glad to realise one of his ideals of living like the people of the country. The children, too, thought it was great fun to eat with their fingers, but the women said it was a nasty, messy way of eating.

The tide began to flow, and they continued their journey once more, arriving in Calcutta the following day. Here everything was of interest, the thatched houses

of the native streets, and the great houses of the English, the crowds of Indians of every caste which they met, and the grand Europeans in their carriages. The strangest thing of all never struck them as strange, that is, that the English in Calcutta were dressed exactly as they had seen them in London, soldiers in their heavy uniforms, gentlemen in hot, powdered wigs, and ladies with the same towering masses of hair, and heavy trains trailing behind them.

Thomas was overjoyed to find Mrs. Thomas and his daughter safe and sound. They had arrived five weeks earlier, and had been befriended by Mrs. Udny, of Malda, who was on a visit to her son, who had recently been married and lived in Calcutta.

CHAPTER XIX

Troubles in Calcutta

THEY were in India at last, and now their troubles began.

"You assured me in the committee that I should be able to settle on the land and earn my own living," said Carey to Thomas. "This I am most anxious to do without delay. When can we start, and where can we settle?"

Thomas hesitated. "The hundred and fifty pounds we brought out for the support of our two families is, as you know, not in money but in goods, which can only be disposed of in a centre like Calcutta. We cannot go off into the country until we have some money."

"What shall we do in the meantime?" asked Carey, disappointed at the delay. "Can we get a house in town, and carry on work here?"

"The trouble is," said Thomas, "that provisions cost five times as much in

Calcutta than what they do in Malda, while the expense of servants and house rent is enormous. It is nothing to pay twenty-five pounds a month for a very ordinary house in Calcutta."

"Then whatever are we to do?"

"The only thing I can suggest is that we take a house a little way out of Calcutta at a place called Bandel, and buy a boat, working up and down the river until we get settled."

This was accordingly done. Seven pounds of their small capital was used to purchase a boat, and they all lived together at Bandel, Thomas doing the housekeeping. Here they were soon in difficulties. The Careys suffered much from dysentery, and Thomas was in debt, for his wife's expenses in Calcutta incurred while waiting for him had swallowed up five sixths of his year's income. Nothing remained for Thomas but to move into Calcutta and try to earn his living as a doctor. The Careys did not wish to live in this style, so accepted the offer of a money-lender, from whom Thomas used to borrow money, to occupy his garden house. Then Carey tramped the city from morning till night looking for work, or trying to

get news of any place where he might settle on the land. At last he heard that grants of land might be obtained in the Sundarbans, and hurried to Thomas to get some money to proceed thither.

"Have you found some work at last?" asked Thomas, glad to see Carey's face lighted up with hope once more.

"No, not quite that; but I have heard that land can be got in the Sundarbans, and I have come for some money so that we can go there."

"I am very sorry," said Thomas, looking very distressed, "but the money has come to an end. I have nothing left."

"Nothing left! Our year's income gone in a couple of months! Whatever shall we do? There will be nothing more from England for ten months at least."

"The only thing to do," replied Thomas, to whom such a condition was no new thing, "is to borrow some money, and then get work."

"Since you have more experience of borrowing than I have," said Carey, a trifle bitterly, "perhaps you will be good enough to borrow the money for us, so that I can settle on the land without further delay. How much money shall we need?"

The two men went into the matter very thoroughly, and Thomas agreed to borrow nineteen pounds. Carey then returned to tell the news to his wife.

"Whatever is the matter now?" asked Mrs. Carey, noticing the distressed look on his face.

"I went to Thomas to get some money, and he told me that it had all come to an end."

Mrs. Carey burst into tears. "Whatever shall we do? I wish I had never come! Your father was right when he said that it was the folly of one mad. If only I were safe in England again, nothing would tempt me abroad. But what are we to do?"

"Thomas is borrowing some money for us, and directly I get it we will start for the Sundarbans, where grants of land can be obtained."

"The Sundarbans! Those jungles infested with snakes and tigers. I will never go to such a place. We have suffered enough here, but at any rate there are shops, and we can buy bread. In the jungle we should lack the necessities of life."

"We are bound to go where we can earn

our food. Even shops are useless when one has no money."

"Why have we no money? Thomas is living in a big house with crowds of servants. Why is there this difference between us?"

"And he talks of keeping a carriage," added Kitty. "I think it's a shame."

"I am disgusted enough with Thomas myself," said Carey, "for leaving the work and setting up as a doctor; but what he does is nothing to us."

With the sternness of a habitually gentle man, Carey insisted on the necessity of their going, and within three days of getting the money they started.

CHAPTER XX

The Sundarbans

TRAVELLING down the Hugli for some distance in a country boat, they turned into the tangle of waterways that form the delta of the Ganges. Sometimes they travelled through narrow channels, at others through great estuaries. Sometimes the river seemed to end, and they could see nothing but green jungle ahead, while at others wide rivers branched out in four or five different directions. The trees and scrub of the jungle came right down to the water's edge. Crocodiles basked in the sun on the sandbanks, monkeys sported in the trees, deer sometimes emerged through openings in the trees, and at night the woods echoed with the sound of living creatures.

The fourth day arrived, and only food remained for one more meal, when to their surprise they saw an Englishman walking along the bank with a gun in his hand.

His house was then seen a little distance away. Mr. Carey at once decided to go ashore and call on this gentleman, but at this moment the Englishman noticed their boat, and seeing that it was occupied by Europeans, he approached and invited them all to come to his house.

On landing they found that this gentleman was Mr. Charles Short, who was in charge of the Company's salt manufacture. The arrival in that lonely spot of an Englishman with his wife and her sister, three small boys, and a baby in arms, must have been one of the greatest surprises of his life. He was himself an unbeliever, and had no sympathy with their mission, but with true Indian hospitality he took them into his home, saying, "You can stay here for half a year, or longer still, if you desire."

In the evening the Careys gave a fuller account of themselves, and the women poured forth the story of their troubles in Calcutta, and their indignation with Thomas; while Carey explained his ideas about supporting himself on the land, living in a native hut, and eating native food.

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Short,

"that you should blame Dr. Thomas for leading you astray, but I fear your own plans are equally impracticable. If you could live like a native, seventy-five pounds a year would be ample, for many Indian families live on as little as three pounds a year. But such a thing would be almost impossible for a single man, while for a family it is out of the question. So you found your board for two months exhausted the whole of the money?"

"Not quite that," explained Carey. "The money we paid Thomas for board was under twenty pounds. The rest went in cloth for gowns, gingham, shoes, furniture, crockery, and tools. We left England so hurriedly that we could make little provision for the women and children."

"Then I assure you, Mr. Carey, Dr. Thomas did wonders with the money, especially as he treated you so well that you considered it an extravagant way of living. I would scarcely have believed it possible for a family to live so cheaply in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, even in the simplest style."

"And now," continued Mrs. Carey, "Dr. Thomas is living in a large house, with a

crowd of servants, and most likely riding about Calcutta in his coach."

"Still, if he has to earn his living," said Mr. Short, "it is natural that he should do so as a doctor, and for that purpose he must have suitable premises and a coach, too."

Safe in the shelter of a home it was easier to think more kindly of Thomas. Perhaps he had done his best, after all.

It was a very grateful heart that Carey lifted up to God in prayer that night. However blundering his own attempts might have been, there was something that came before the "Attempt great things," and that was "Expect great things from God." God had honoured his expectations.

CHAPTER XXI

A Boat accident which led to Important Consequences

WILLIAM HICKEY, who has already been mentioned as having the fastest boat on the Hugli, writes in his memoirs:

"Going one day as I frequently did to dine with my valuable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frushard, who reside about three miles from Calcutta, on the opposite side of the river, I there met Mr. and Mrs. Robert Udny, a loving and happy couple and most respectable people recently married. Upon the party's breaking up to return home, I offered to convey Mr. and Mrs. Udny to town in my boat, observing to them that as the night was extremely dark, and the tide running rapidly down, the unwieldy houseboat he was in was not a safe conveyance. Mr. Udny expressed his thanks, but declined my offer, saying that his head boatman was a remarkably careful and clever fellow,

who had for many years been used to the river, and with him at the helm there could not be the least danger. He unhappily proved mistaken. Upon getting among the shipping—and there happened to be a great number lying at anchor—the houseboat ran foul of one of the cables, instantly overset, filled with water and sunk. Mr. and Mrs. Udny, with three servants that were in the cabin, all perished."

Reading this sad account in the newspaper, Thomas at once forgot all the unpleasantness of the past, and poured out his heart in a letter of sympathy to the aged mother at Malda. Mr. George Udny replied, inviting Thomas to come and see them. This he was only too glad to do, and proved himself a wise and valued physician for both body and soul.

"You have no mind, Doctor, for indigo works, have you?" said Mrs. Udny one day as they were driving together.

"Yes, madam, I should like it very much if any one would so employ me."

Mrs. Udny spoke to her son about this with the result that he offered Thomas a position as manager in one of his factories. Thomas then told them about

Carey, and his great desire to support himself and do missionary work. Mr. Udny was so interested at this that a similar offer was sent to Carey.

Carey had just built a hut for his family, and was ready to start work on the land, but the call came, and leaving all this, he went to North Bengal.

The visit to the Sundarbans had important consequences for two of the people concerned. Under the influence of Carey, Mr. Short became a Christian, and a little later married Kitty Plackett.

Installed in his new quarters at Mudnabati, Carey was anxious to know about the work. "Tell me how indigo is cultivated, and just what I shall have to do," he said to Mr. Udny.

"The indigo seed," explained Mr. Udny, "is sown in March and April, and the first crop is reaped in June and the second in August. The plant is cut early in the morning, and taken to the factory in bullock carts, great care being taken that it does not get bruised. Come down with me to the factory, and I will show you how the dye is obtained."

Arriving at the factory, he continued: "The indigo plant is steeped in this first

vat for from nine to fourteen hours. The colour of the water will then be either bright orange or olive green. This liquid is run off into the second vat, where it is beaten with bamboos to mix it with the air. The indigo is then allowed to settle and the water drained off. At this stage it is called indigo mud, and this mud is strained, boiled, cut into blocks and dried."

"It sounds simple," said Carey. "I do not think I shall find any difficulty with this side of the work. But you know my real object is to be a missionary, and I should like to know what opportunities I shall have for preaching the Gospel."

"As you desire to earn your own living, Mr. Carey, I do not think any work could be more suited for your purpose. If you had done cultivation in the Sundarbans, you would have found time for nothing else; but here, between the seasons, you will have months of leisure, and when working in the factory the ninety men employed will give you a congregation on Sundays. You will also be able to visit neighbouring villages. Your salary will be twenty-five pounds a month."

One of Carey's ideals was now realised.

He was not only able to support himself in India, but in addition to devote one-third of his income to the work. He wrote at once to the committee at home, saying that no more money would be required for him personally.

With the same love of method Carey divided up his time, allotting definite periods to the management of the factory, the study of the language, the translation of the Bible, and preaching to the Heathen. One thing remained—Carey must have a garden. He wrote to Fuller: "Please send scythes, sickles, and plough-wheels, together with an annual supply of garden and flower seeds."

CHAPTER XXII

Carey in North Bengal

"DUB - A - DUB, dub - a - dub - dub, dub-a-dub-dub-dub" sounded the drums on all sides.

"Whatever is all this drumming about?" asked Mrs. Carey. "It's enough to send one mad. It is bad enough in the day, but when it goes on all night long, getting continually louder and louder it makes sleep impossible."

"It is a Mohammedan festival called the Mohurrum," explained Carey, "held to mourn the slaughter of Hasan and Hosain, the two sons of Ali, the adopted son of Mohammed."

"It's a funny way of mourning."

"Yes, for most people it has become a merrymaking; but the very pious are fasting and going without water in memory of the dreadful sufferings of the defeated army in the burning Arabian desert, when cut off by their enemies from the River Euphrates."

"What are they doing at these places where the drumming goes on?"

"Each village and hamlet has made a tall, tower-like tomb, called a tazia, of coloured paper and tinsel on a framework of bamboo. Each tazia has a little window and people in turn look in at this window believing that those who have faith will see the dead heroes. The tombs are really empty, but no one likes to admit that he had not enough faith to see the vision. There are also sham fights, with tin swords, representing the events of the battle."

Mrs. Carey soon had an opportunity of seeing this festival for herself, for on the last night of the Mogurrum all these gaily decorated tazias were carried in procession, illuminated by thousands of torches, and thrown into a pool of water close to the Careys' house. Thousands of people crowded around, not only to see the end of the ceremony, but because they had never seen a white woman before. When Mr. and Mrs. Carey went out to them they were amused to hear them asking, "Which is the sahib and which is the bibisahib?"

There were many villages around where

preaching could be done, and Carey enjoyed not only the work itself, but the journeys, tramping along the road as he used to tramp the roads of Northamptonshire, or riding on horseback, noting the sights and sounds around, the birds, the beasts and insects, the trees and flowers. He saw much that reminded him of the Bible, The oxen ploughing, or walking in circles treading out the corn; women with their water pots going morning and evening to draw water from beautiful pools surrounded by lofty palms or graceful, feathery bamboos. He would watch the young rice growing in shallow water, looking like a level lawn of vivid green stretching for miles in every direction, and see it change in colour until at harvest time it became a sea of golden grain. He saw the people working in the fields, some so poor that they had but one meal a day, only possessed one cloth to cover them, and lived in mud huts.

Sometimes Thomas went with him. One day when riding thus Carey saw what looked like the skeleton of a baby in a basket hanging in a tree. "Whatever is that?" he asked.

"When a baby refuses its food,"

explained Thomas, "the people think it is possessed with an evil spirit, and place it in a basket in this way to be eaten by ants or devoured by wild beasts. One day I found such a child, which in its struggles had fallen out of the basket. I took it back to its mother, and after a dose of physic it took its milk all right. This poor babe, however, like many another, has had a dreadful fate."

When Carey returned from his journeys the boys were anxious to know what he had seen. "Did you see any tigers, father?" asked William one day.

"No, my son, tigers are not often seen in the day time. I continually hear about them, and the great harm they do in carrying off cattle, but fortunately they rarely attack men."

"They used to in the Sundarbans," said Felix.

"Yes, that was because there were no cattle there, and the tigers were driven by hunger to hunt men, and when once a tiger begins like that it goes on till it is killed."

"What did you see, father?" asked William.

"I saw a snake."

"Was it dangerous?"

"I expect it was, for I am always hearing in the villages of men being bitten, and very often such people die in a couple of hours. I also saw a crocodile lying like a log of wood on the mud by one of the rivers, but no one seems to trouble about them."

Little five-years-old Peter piped out his questions, but he spoke in Bengali.

"How I wish I could speak the language with the same ease and correct pronunciation as my little son," said Carey.

"Yes, he translates for me anything I want to say to the servants, and the people are so delighted to hear him speaking their language," replied Mrs. Carey. "If God wills, he will be able to preach to the people when he grows up as we can never hope to do."

But that was not to be.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Death of Little Peter

THAT year the season of the rains proved very unhealthy. Both Carey and his son Peter were very ill, Carey with malaria and Peter with dysentery. Day and night the parents watched over the little child, and did everything possible to save him, but he steadily grew worse, and at last died.

The parents were stricken with grief, but in a country where burial takes place the same day, it was necessary to make arrangements for the funeral without delay. Going to the factory, Carey said to one of the overseers, "My little boy has just died, and I want to arrange for his burial. I shall want the carpenters to make a coffin, two or three men to dig a grave, and then a couple of men to carry the coffin."

"There is no difficulty in getting a coffin made," was the reply, "for that is only a box, and what use you make of it afterwards is no business of the man who

makes it, but no Hindu will dig a grave. It might be possible to get some of the Mohammedans to do that. But neither Hindu nor Mohammedan will carry the coffin, for to touch a dead body, or a coffin containing a dead body, would mean breaking caste."

"Do you mean to say that no one would be willing to carry the body of a little child, the little Peter they used to be so fond of?"

"It does not matter who it is, our religion forbids us to touch a dead body."

"Can no man help another in such a time of grief?" pleaded Carey.

"We are sorry, sir, but it is our religion. We cannot break our caste."

Some Mohammedans of very low caste were at last found willing to dig the grave, and the coffin was ready, but still there was no one to carry it.

"There is no other way, Dorothy," said Carey. "We shall have to carry the coffin to the grave ourselves."

Just then a man came to say that some Hindus had been found of so low a caste that if they were well paid they would carry the coffin. So the funeral took place, Carey and the elder boys following

the coffin to the grave dug in a clearing in the jungle. They were alone in a strange land, a heathen land, with no one willing to help even in the face of such sorrow, and there the father read the great words, a tremendous challenge to Hinduism: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Meanwhile Mrs. Carey at home bewailed her loss. "Oh, my Peter, my little Peter! Why did I bring you to this dreadful country? Why couldn't William have stayed in Leicester, where the work was growing and people were being converted, instead of coming to this heathen land, where no one is converted, and no good comes of anything we do? I hate this land; the heat is like a burden pressing on one day and night; there are ants and mould on the food, lizards and beetles and toads everywhere; and every article of furniture and clothing is continually being destroyed by damp and mould and insects. The very curse of God seems on the place."

Early next morning some men appeared on the veranda. Carey went out and found the four Mohammedans who had dug the

grave. They all spoke together, and were so excited that for some time it was impossible to make out what they were talking about, but at last the meaning was clear. Because these men had dug the grave, the other Mohammedans refused to eat with them or have anything more to do with them. Carey went at once to try and settle the matter.

"Why have you outcaste these men?" he asked. "They only dug a hole in the clean earth. What harm could that do to them or to you?"

"They knew that it was for a grave," they persisted.

The discussion went on for a long time, and the men seemed deaf to all arguments. It was only when Carey threatened to appeal to the magistrate that they gave way.

Carey himself had had high fever. He was in its iron grip the whole time that he was tending little Peter alive, arranging for his burial, and arguing with the Mohammedans about their caste. The very height of the temperature gave him a false strength, but now that it was all over the reaction came, and he was utterly exhausted. Fortunately Mr. Udny arrived

on the scene with some "Jesuit's bark," and by this means Carey was cured.

Mrs. Carey remained prostrate with grief. Carey hoped that as the days passed she would regain strength and recover her faith, but instead she gradually sank into such a condition of despondency that Dr. Thomas at last had to break the news to Carey that her mind was deranged.

"Were I in your place," said Thomas, "I should be violent. But blessed be God Who suits our burdens to our backs. Sometimes I pray for you, I always feel for you. Think of Job. Think of Jesus. Think of those who were destitute, afflicted, tormented."

Carried away from her village life and her village folk by the enthusiasm of Carey, an enthusiasm she did not share, Mrs. Carey paid the heavy price so often the lot of the pioneer's wife. But after all, his was the heavier burden, for knowing the horrors of lunatic asylums in those days, he tended her in his own home for twelve long years.

CHAPTER XXIV

Carey on Tour

Two boats lay anchored by the riverside, each with a semi-circular roof of bamboo matting. In these Carey was going on tour —a most convenient method of travelling in a land of great rivers, as the boat serves a double purpose; as a means of conveyance, and also as a house. The boatment came down the path from Carey's house, walking in Indian file, with the baggage on their heads—a bundle containing a pillow and some blankets to serve as bedding at night, together with some extra clothes and books; a chair, a table, a lamp, an open-work basket containing live fowls, and another basket full of rice and vegetables. The bedding was placed in the larger boat, in which Carey was to travel, and the food supplies in the smaller one, which was the cook-boat. Carey himself soon followed, dressed rather warmly considering the climate. Getting

inside the first boat, he sat on the floor, using the roll of bedding as a back-rest, and taking out his Bible began to read. The boatmen pulled at the oars, and the boat went skimming over the dazzling bright water. There was plenty of time for Carey to meditate on such verses as, "My soul longeth and fainteth for God, for the living God, to see His glory and beauty, as I have seen them in the sanctuary;" and also to prepare the Bengali addresses he would give in the markets to be visited. The sun set, and the river turned to gold, and then to blood-red; darkness came on, and the sky was ablaze with stars, while the boat, anchored for the night, rocked to the swell of the river, the stars seeming to move to and fro seen against the swaying mast.

At dawn the boatmen set to work once more, and it was still early when they reached the first market. Carey climbed up the bank, and taking his stand under a convenient tree, began to sing one of the hymns that had been composed in Bengali, to an Indian air. It was a great novelty to see an Englishman at all, but to hear him singing in their own language to a familiar tune was so unexpected that

crowds gathered from all sides. At the end of the hymn Carey plunged straight into his subject, telling them that all men were sinners and in need of a Saviour.

"I am not a sinner," objected a Brahmin.

"What do you understand by sin and holiness?" asked Carey.

"Every people have their own Scriptures, and their own kinds of holiness, and it is to the rules of their own Scriptures that they should attend," replied the Brahmin.

"And what are the rules of holiness in your Scriptures?" asked Carey.

"The rules of my caste, bathing and worship, and the avoidance of eating anything that is unclean, or touching low caste people."

"These are but outward forms and ceremonies, while sin has to do with the heart, 'for out of the hearts of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, murders, and every other kind of sin and foolishness.'"

"If God is the Creator," interposed another man, "then He created animals and birds. Is it not a sin to kill these?"

"No," replied Carey, "it is not a sin to kill these creatures for food, for God has given them to us for that purpose."

"There is no such thing as sin," chimed in yet another objector. "God is Almighty and everything is done by Him; good and evil alike are just His play."

"Yes," continued another, "men are like musical instruments—and God plays on them as He wishes."

"Musical instruments are lifeless things acted upon entirely by the player," replied Carey; "but man is a living creature with a mind and will of his own, and men choose to do evil. Even in your own Scriptures you have a Heaven and a Hell. How could there be Heaven and Hell if there were neither sin nor holiness. Again, when a man is born blind you say this is the result of sin in a former birth. How can you say this if there is no such thing as sin? We do not believe in another birth in this world, but we know that after death will be the judgment."

"When a man dies that is the end of him," urged a newcomer, pushing himself forward. "We are just like animals."

"We are not only like animals," said yet another, "we are animals. I am a jackal."

It took infinite patience dealing with these various objectors, but at last Carey

got his opportunity, and poured forth his message of God's remedy for sin, Christ and Him crucified.

From the market Carey tramped to a temple several miles away where a number of pilgrims gathered. In this temple there were images of the god of the woods, riding on a tiger; the goddess of smallpox without a head, and riding on a horse without a head; another god with very large ears, and yet another which was represented merely by a wooden post. Carey's soul was stirred within him as he gazed on these objects of worship. "God, Who made the world and all things therein," he exclaimed, "seeing that He is Lord of Heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life and breath and all things. We ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. What use is there in worshipping idols? They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not;

neither speak they through their throats. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them. There is only one image of God to be worshipped, Jesus Christ, Who is the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His Person. He has purged our sins, and is now sitting on the right hand of the Majesty on high. It is through faith in Him alone that we obtain salvation."

"Why don't you answer Him? Why don't you answer Him?" cried the people to the Brahmin priest.

"I have not words," he mumbled, utterly confounded.

At this moment a very learned Brahmin appeared on the scene. "You are quite right in what you say about idols," he affirmed. "They are really a corruption of Hinduism. In the beginning there was no idolatry."

"What must I do to be saved, according to Hinduism?" asked Carey.

"Repeat the name of God over a great many times," he replied.

"If your son had offended you, and wished for forgiveness, would you be pleased if he repeated your name over thousands of times? This might do for

children or fools, but God is wise," said Carey.

"You must have faith," said the Brahmin.

"What is faith?" asked Carey.

To this the Brahmin could make no reply. Then Carey told of the sure Word of the Gospel, and the Way of Life by Christ, until at last night came on and he was obliged to leave them.

CHAPTER XXV

A New Missionary Arrives

Two years had passed away, when one day Carey heard footsteps on the garden path, and looking out saw a neighbour accompanied by a young Englishman. It was Mr. Fountain, who had come out to join the mission.

"Come in, come in," said Carey, shaking him warmly by the hand. "How ever did you get here?"

"I have travelled up from Calcutta by boat, and then walked from the ghat a mile and a half away. This gentleman very kindly showed me the way."

"How did you like the journey?"

"It was fine travelling up those great rivers. Sometimes they were so broad that the banks were lost in the mist, and the rivers looked like seas."

"Well, no more work to-day," exclaimed Carey, putting aside his translation work. "A new missionary's arrival is far too

exciting a thing to allow one going on writing. You must have something to eat, and then I will take you round to see the place."

"I am glad you live in the country," said Fountain, as they set out an hour later. "Reading in your letters of the farmers, I have pleased myself with the hope of sitting in a farmer's chimney-corner, and getting a basin of milk and such like hospitality."

"Farmers in this country are so different from other people," explained Carey, laughing heartily at Fountain's idea of India. "It would be a matter of some difficulty to find a chimney-corner, since the houses have no chimneys. As a matter of fact, we never get invited into the people's houses at all, and if we did there is nothing in them. A farmer's whole stock is a cow or two, three or four half-starved bullocks, and a few pigeons."

"Don't they keep sheep, pigs, or poultry?" asked Fountain in surprise.

"You might find a goat tied on a bare highway, but Hindus will not touch fowls, and neither Mohammedans nor Hindus, except the very lowest castes, would keep a pig."

"How many converts have you made so far?"

"Alas! that's where the difficulty lies. Both Thomas and I have had many promising inquirers, but they have always failed when it came to the point of being baptised. That would mean breaking caste, and being cut off entirely from their own people. So far no one has been willing to do this."

"Do you think it is any good going on preaching if no one is converted?"

"A thousand times 'Yes.' This caste system which divides man from man, and will not allow one man to help another in times of sickness and death, is the very invention of Satan. It must be destroyed. The ignorance, cruelty, and indecency to be met with on all hands is terrible. The Gospel is India's only hope."

"How is Dr. Thomas getting on?"

"In his medical work he is doing well. His house is constantly surrounded by the afflicted. He has been the instrument of saving the lives of hundreds, and the cures wrought by him would have gained any physician or surgeon in Europe the most extensive reputation."

Carey's condemnation of Hinduism was

even stronger still when he came one day on a Hindu funeral, and learned to his horror that the young widow standing near was to be burnt together with the corpse lying on a pile of dry wood. "You must not do such a thing!" exclaimed Carey. "It is wicked. It is murder." It was all of no use. The woman walked around the pile six times scattering sweetmeats, which were picked up and eaten by the crowd as something very sacred. She then ascended the pyre, and lay down by the side of her husband. Oil was poured over her, and she was firmly held down by two bamboo poles so that she could not move. Carey continued to protest in vain. The fire was lighted, and the crowd shouted to drown her screams. Carey could bear no more. He left, exclaiming loudly as he went, "I protest against these cruel murders. I pray God that He will speedily bring such cruel practices to an end. I vow that I will devote my whole life to sweeping away heathenism and teaching the Gospel of love."

CHAPTER XXVI

Carey Visits Bhutan

IN March of 1797 Carey went on a journey to the country of Bhutan, to explore the possibilities of mission work being carried on in that direction. Fortunately we have his own description, written at the time:

"Mr. Thomas and myself are just arrived at home from an excursion to Bhutan, in which we preached Christ in many places where His Name was never heard before, and were attended with great ardour. I will relate a little of our expedition. We set out on the 6th instant, and arrived on the 10th in the Bhutan country, namely, that part which is below the hills; for we did not ascend the mountains. We went to a place called Gopalgunge, and waited on a Bhutia officer called the Jinkof. He received us very kindly, and we presented him with a few articles, with which he was much pleased. During the greater part of the day we were

in his house, which is large and made of bamboos and mats, and raised off the ground on Sal-tree pillars. He made us a present of some pieces of bacon, about a foot long, which were so stale as to be offensive at a great distance. After this he treated us with tea. The teapot is a large bamboo, with a hole perforated through one of its knots inside, which forms the spout. The tea is made into cakes with some composition, and when used is mixed with boiling water, butter fat, and salt. We tried in vain to swallow it, though the Bhutia drank it very copiously. His kindness, however, was very conspicuous.

"The Bhutias are very stout, robust people; and with respect to dress and colour and appearance are like a very stout athletic English waggoner, much weather-beaten. They have no stockings, but their dress is like a waggoner's frock, except the higher rank, who have a garment much like an English gentleman's dressing-gown, made of blue, red, or green stuff, with large figures wrought on it like diaper. The women are tolerably white; their dress consists of a petticoat, and a cloth which is so fastened from the

shoulders to the waist as to appear like a very large pouch, in which they keep portable articles as in a pocket. Their hair is parted on the top of the head, and they wear no head covering.

"From Gopalgunge we went to Bote-Haut to see the Suba, who is the greatest officer, below the hills. A letter having been sent to him from the Jinkof, he sent two horses to attend us, and the Jinkof went with us. The procession was the most curious that could be imagined. A band of Bengal music, if such it can be called, preceded us. We had six horsemen, and servants, and a number of spectators, besides people to carry our baggage, tents, etc., which in travelling by land in this country must be carried on men's shoulders. On one horse was the Jinkof, but notwithstanding the fact that it was led by two men, he was sometimes first, sometimes last, and sometimes turning round, his horse being ungovernable. Every mile or so he was stopping to drink spirits. A Hindu on another horse was much like him, except in drinking. And we had enough to do to keep our horses out of their way, to effect which we were always wheeling to the right or left.

"At our approaching the town a number of females met us and made their salaams, putting the hand to the head and bowing; after which they ran before the horses, and all the inhabitants of the place, I should suppose to the number of two or three thousand, joined the procession.

"We went in this manner to the Suba's house, who received us with great politeness, and made us presents of silk, namely a white scarf, in the name of the Grand Llama, a red one in his own name, and another red one in the name of a friend. After receiving the presents we ascended the ladder to his house, which was like the Jinkof's house, but much larger and more elegant. It had four rooms, covered with mats. At the farther end of the principal room was the seat of the Suba, raised about two feet from the floor, covered with red curtain cloth, and hung round with thin gauze curtains. Here we were seated by the Suba. On two sides of the same room were seats for the servants raised about six inches from the floor, and like the Suba's made with planks of Sal timber, but covered with sackcloth. A window of about a foot deep, made of lattice-work, ran round the two sides; and a curtain of

white cotton cloth was placed just above the window. On this curtain were hung shields and helmets, and under it matchlocks, bows and arrows. The under part of the house served as a stable.

"The genuine politeness and gentlemanlike behaviour of the Suba exceeded everything that we could have imagined, and his generosity was astonishing. He insisted on supplying all our people with everything they wanted; and if we did but cast our eyes on any object in the room he immediately presented us with one of the same sort. Indeed, he seemed to interpret our looks before we were aware, and in this way presented each of us with a sword, shield, and helmet; also a cup made of a very light and beautiful wood, used by the Bhutias in drinking. Perceiving that we admired the wood, he gave us a large log of it, which appears like fir, with a very dark, beautiful grain. It is full of resin or turpentine, and burns like a candle and serves for that use if cut into thin slices.

"In eating the Suba imitated our manners so quickly, and exactly as if he had lived with Europeans all his life, though he had never seen any before. We ate his food, though I confess the idea of the

Jinkof's bacon made me eat rather sparingly.

We then talked about the Gospel, and the title of Llama was given to us. We found that he had determined to give the people a testimony of his friendship for us in a public manner, and the next day was fixed on to perform the ceremony in our tent in the market place. Accordingly we got instructed in the necessary etiquette and informed that as we were only come on a short visit to see the country we were not provided with English cloths, etc., for presents.

"Being seated, we exchanged five rupees and five pieces of betel nut, in sight of the whole town. And having chewed betel nut for the first time in our lives, we embraced three times in the Eastern manner, and then shook hands in the English manner. After which he made each of us a present of a piece of rich cloth worked with gold, a Bhutan blanket, and the tail of an animal called the yak, such tails being used in India as fly-whisks, under the name of 'chowris.'

"When the ceremony was over we were conducted once more to the Suba's house, where we found another officer, I believe

the attorney of the court below the hills. This man was just the reverse of all we had seen. He had been to Calcutta, and was a man of great consequence in his own eyes. He sat on the seat like a statue, not rising when we entered, which the Suba, a much greater man, always did. When we sat down he began a long discourse with the others in the Bhutan language, which, as we did not understand, we also talked to each other in English. All this time a servant, by his orders, held a lighted torch just in our faces, that he might stare at us. He then asked how many servants we kept, and whether we had a tent? This was to see whether we were great men or not. Our answers were very brief, and did not give him satisfaction. After exchanging a few angry words with the Suba, he took his leave abruptly. The Suba was transported with rage, and threatened him dreadfully. He tore off his upper garment, seized a dagger, struck it on the table, beat his breast, and threatened to go after him and kill him. We tried to appease him, and were successful.

"Our people were much afraid, for though the Hindus had till now expressed

the greatest confidence in the gentleness of the Bhutians, yet now they began to propagate a great number of dreadful tales, and nothing was talked of but the insincerity of the Bhutias. As for ourselves we were not quite so timid, though we were not without our cogitations. We told them to run for their lives if any danger appeared. For fear of wild elephants we had taken a gun or two; but we ordered them not to be loaded, nor any additional care whatever to be manifested, though we were certain that no one would sleep much that night.

"In the morning the Suba came again with his usual friendship, and brought more presents, which we received, and took our leave. He sent us away with every honour he could load upon us, as a band of music, guides to show the way, etc. The other man, thinking himself great, had evidently been annoyed at getting no presents. The Suba proposed paying us a visit in a little time. Should he do so I hope to improve the interview for the great end of settling a mission in the country. We gave the Bhutias several articles, such as a looking-glass, a pocket compass, etc."

CHAPTER XXVII

Carey's Descriptions of India

WHEN writing home, Carey at first filled his letters with accounts of the mission work, but from all quarters there came questions about the country, its animals and birds, its fruit and vegetables, and the habits and customs of the people. Accordingly at last he sat down and wrote an account of all these things.

"The country of Bengal is one large plain, watered by some hundreds of navigable rivers, many of them as large as the Thames at London. The principal are the Ganges and Brahmaputra, each of which is on an average about three miles in breadth, and presents an exceedingly grand scene to the eye of the spectator. I live near a small river called the Tanguan, and am not very far from the entrance to Tibet. In Bengal there is not a hill to be seen, nor a stone except what has been brought from some other province. The soil is in general stiff clay, but very fruit-

ful. I think, however, its fertility has been much exaggerated, for it requires the aids of cultivation as much perhaps as any country that is known. I own that I was much deceived, for I had formed an idea of fragrant fields and flowery plains; less fragrance or variety I have never perceived in any place. The climate is remarkably pleasant, and the heat in North Bengal seldom more than eighty-six degrees. Our dry season is sometimes very cold in the months of December and January. I was obliged this season to wear my greatcoat the whole day, and yet shivered with cold. Perhaps as our houses are constructed on as cool a plan as possible, this may be one cause of our feeling it so much in the winter season. The rains do not appear to me greatly to exceed the rains in England. If we have rain for six or seven days at once, it is succeeded by as much fine weather, and this is by far the pleasantest part of the year; but the dampness of the atmosphere is incredible. The amazing quantities of rice which are cultivated here contribute not a little to increase it, for the stagnant water often becomes putrid, and this part of the season is very unhealthy especially

towards the end of it, about September and October.

"The species of plants are not numerous, and many which grow in other countries will not thrive here, as vines. Birds are very numerous; many, I believe, have never been described by any author. The beasts here have in general not been unnoticed, but I have seen some of which I have never read.

"We have eight species of cat. The lion is not in Bengal; and there is an amazing difference in the ferocity of tigers, those in the Sundarbans being very dangerous, while those in North Bengal are much less so. We have rhinoceros, buffaloes, bears, elephants, hogs, deer, jackals, and wild dogs, hares, muskrats, rats, mice, foxes, monkeys of two sorts, and porcupines. Lizards of many kinds, and serpents innumerable. A friend of mine had one which was nineteen feet long, brought to him by five or six men. And I have seen a kind of snake only four inches in length. The most dangerous are the Cobra and whip-thong snake, which generally kill in half an hour, and often in five minutes.

"I have seen about twelve sorts of grasshoppers and crickets. Ants are the

most omnivorous of all insects; we have eight or ten sorts, all very numerous. The white ants destroy everything on which they fasten; they will eat through an oak chest in a day or two. Butterflies are not so numerous as in England, but, I think, all different. Common flies and mosquitoes are abundant, and the latter so tormenting as to make one conclude that if the flies in Egypt were mosquitoes, the plague must have been almost insupportable. Here are beetles of many species. Scorpions of two sorts, the sting of the smaller not mortal. Land crabs in abundance, and an amazing number of other kinds of insects. Fish is very plentiful, and the principal animal food of the inhabitants. I find fewer varieties of vegetables than I could have conceived possible in so large a country. Edible vegetables are scarce, and fruit far from plentiful.

The Hindus build their houses on each side of a square court which occupies the centre. All the doors of these four buildings open into this court; and the houses are, one for the wife and other female relations; another for servants, visitors, etc.; a third for a cooking-house; and the

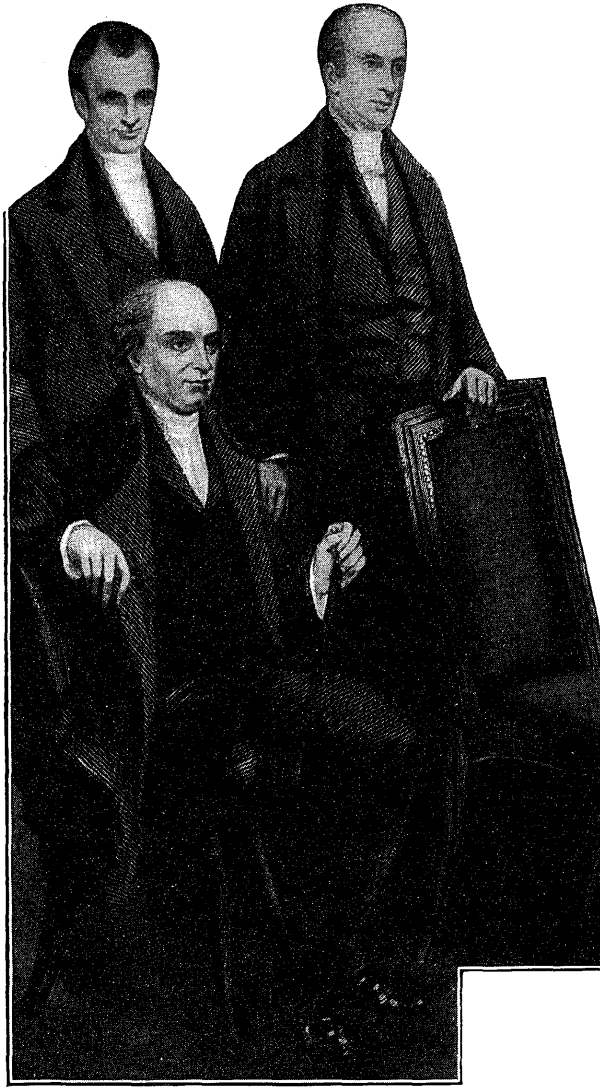
fourth is often a cow-house. The size and materials differ according to the circumstances of the owners; some are brick, but the greatest number are built of mud, straw, or mat walls. The bamboo serves for almost every purpose. Of this the roofs are made, and however large they are there is not a nail in them. The spars consist of whole bamboos, and the laths are split ones, reaching the length of the roof, and tied together with pack thread. The posts of many houses are of bamboo, as are also the mats which compose the walls. The floors are earthen, raised two or three feet above the level, and smeared over with cow-dung, as are also the mud walls, which makes them look smooth and very neat.

"After speaking of the houses, it may be expected that I should describe their furniture, and indeed this is soon done. All their cooking is performed in coarse, unglazed earthenware. These earthenware pots are set over the fire on three bricks, or over a hole which serves as a fireplace, in the ground. Another pot is used for water and holds about a gallon. In general the women are employed to fetch water, and that commonly in the

evening, as in the time of Abraham. They often carry these vessels on their hips, with the arm round the slender neck. A small brass vessel of similar shape called a *lota*, and holding about a pint and a half, is found in most houses. In this they keep milk, water, or any liquid.

A hooka, for smoking, is so necessary an article that no one is without it. The hooka most commonly used is made of cocoanut shell, with a hole in the top, and another small one in the side. A wooden tube about a foot long is fixed into the hole at the top, and a small round earthen vessel, like the bowl of a tobacco pipe, is placed on that. This contains the tobacco and fire. The cocoanut shell is half filled with water, the mouth is applied to the hole in the side, and the tobacco smoke drawn down through the water. Some who can afford it have a beadstead laced with packthread, but the common people have only a piece of sackcloth and a pillow stuffed with cotton.

"I need not inform you that the people have dark skins. They, however, differ very much in that particular; some being nearly as white as an English gipsy, and others nearly as black as negroes."

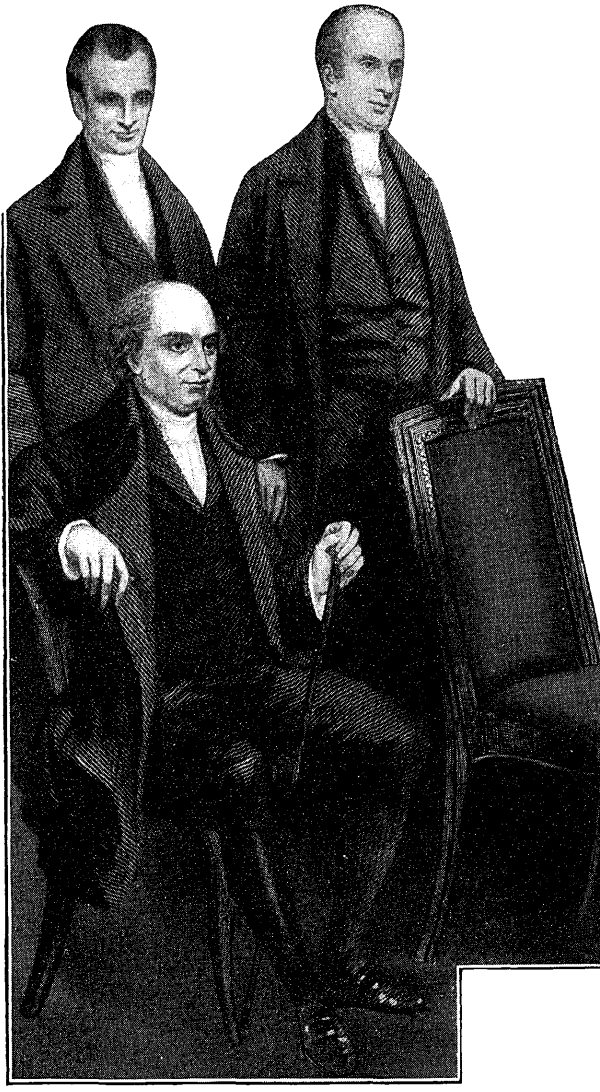


THE THREE GREAT FRIENDS—MARSHMAN, WARD, AND CAREY

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THE THREE GREAT FRIENDS—MARSHMAN, WARD, AND CAREY

CHAPTER XXVIII

Carey Removes to Serampore

CAREY had worked for nearly six years in North Bengal. Practically the whole of the Bible had been translated into Bengali, and a wooden press purchased for £40. Schools had been opened, and since Mr. Udny was giving up the indigo works, Carey had purchased a plot of land for himself, and set to work to build a missionary settlement for the four families now on their way out from England—the Marshmans, Brunsdons, Grants, and Wards.

Then came the news that in spite of every effort made in Calcutta, the Company refused absolutely to let them settle in British territory, so that they were obliged to take refuge in the Danish settlement of Serampore. Here was a disappointment as great as on the day when Carey and Thomas were turned off the *Earl of Oxford*. Ward travelled up to North Bengal to talk over the matter with Carey.

Like Fountain three years earlier, Ward travelled by boat to within a mile and a half of Carey's house. There he was glad to end the monotonous river journey, and leaving the cramped quarters of the boat to enjoy once again the luxury of walking. Ward had the child-like spirit that enabled him to enter to the full into the part that he played, and to realise the feelings appropriate to the situation.

"I am within a mile and a half of Carey's house. In a short while I shall actually see Carey himself." His heart beat fast, and he was filled with excitement at the thought.

"How people in England would envy me at this minute if they only knew! What would Fuller or Ryland, Morris or Sutcliff not give to be here now!"

The house appeared in sight, a large, brick-built, two-storied house, with Venetian windows and mat doors, standing in a small village. Ward's excitement grew more intense still. It was as if the curtain was about to fall on one of the most thrilling scenes in the whole of his life; his meeting with Carey in India. Little did he think that it was not only in his own life that this meeting was of

such dramatic interest, but that it would stand out in the history of missions as one of the great pictures. The meeting of Carey and Ward! If only we had Ward's imagination and feeling to adequately enter into it. Now he is quite near the house. "Will Carey have altered much? Will he still have the youthful enthusiasm that was so delightful at Derby?" At last he saw Carey. "Very little changed," he thought, "from what I have recollected. Rather stouter than when in England, and, blessed be God, a young man still."

"I am the bearer of bad news," said Ward, as Carey came forward to greet him.

"Yes, I have read the letters. The Company refuses to allow missionaries in its territory."

"Not only that, but one of our number, Grant, already lies dead and buried at Serampore, leaving a widow and two children."

Carey was shocked at this sad news, coming on top of the destruction of his hopes of a missionary settlement at Mudnabati.

"Do you remember how you laid your hand on my shoulder at Derby, and said that if the work prospered you would want

a printer to come after you to print the Scriptures?" said Ward.

"Well do I remember it," replied Carey.

"Well, here I am. And what progress has been made with the translations?"

Carey showed him the whole Bible, except for a few chapters from the Old Testament, written out in thousands of sheets of paper in his neat penmanship.

Ward just had time to notice that the four sons of Carey spoke Bengali fluently, and that Felix had now grown to be a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, rather a wilful lad; and to hear the sad news of Mrs. Carey's condition, and then it was time for morning service, which was held in a large room in the house.

Carey preached from the text, "And this is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." He thought of the poor response there had been after over five years' work in that district, and how the light that had come to these people might soon be taken away again.

Ward was much moved by the Indians singing Christian hymns. He had a vision of a wave of song pouring over

India, and those who had before worshipped idols, gods, and goddesses, or even devils, all uniting to praise the one true God, Creator of Heaven and earth.

Once more Carey had to wrestle with God in prayer in order to discover His will. The next morning he had made up his mind to leave Mudnabati, losing £500 on the houses he had built, and join the new arrivals at Serampore.

CHAPTER XXIX

Street Preaching at Serampore

IN the town of Serampore street preaching was carried out very thoroughly in all directions. Sometimes the whole company of missionaries would stand at a place where four roads met, and sing Bengali Christian ballads. They would then distribute printed copies to the large crowd that always collected. After preaching and explaining the ballad, they would separate and go to different quarters of the town, talking to people at their work, or seizing any opportunity that offered. One day Carey saw a man sitting outside a mosque, with the Koran before him, from which he was reading most lustily. "Tell me the meaning of what you are reading," he said, stopping in front of him. "The meaning, Sahib, is another matter. I cannot tell that," was the reply.

A little later a man interrupted Carey's preaching, saying, "Sin is as necessary as

holiness, since God has made Hell as well as Heaven."

"There is a prison in Serampore," replied Carey; "but that is no reason why you and others should commit robberies in order to fill it." At this the crowd laughed, and the objector continued, "Well, I don't mind, so long as the Ganges continues where I can wash away my sins."

Going to the quarter where the washermen lived, Carey found them very indifferent to the Word of God. One asked: "How can I pray?" "Suppose you were going to the Governor to ask for pardon for some offence you had committed, what would you say?" asked Carey.

"Oh, I should look very sorrowful, and tell a great many lies to excuse myself, and I suppose I should do the same if I prayed to God."

"Do you believe in lies, then?"

"Yes."

"And in thieving?"

"Yes, we do? Why not?"

Carey was horrified at such an attitude, but reflected that it was not to be wondered at, seeing that the Hindu gods were themselves thieves and robbers, and guilty of lying and every other vice.

At another place Carey and Ward saw a man rise from his grave after having been buried for a month. A large crowd had collected to see this, and the top of the grave was opened exactly at the appearance of the new moon. The man came forth looking none the worse for his confinement. He bowed with his head to the ground several times at the foot of a banana tree, upon which also he poured water. It was also necessary that he should see the new moon immediately on coming forth. Many crowded around him and put out their hands for a gift, which all who asked obtained, and which as far as could be seen consisted merely of particles of dust.

On examination the grave was found to be very deep, and divided into several rooms, one to live in, another to sleep in, etc. It was covered over with mats and earth, and the only opening was a hole at one end, through which he was supplied with milk and fruit by a man who waited on him, and lived in a hut by the side of the grave.

While Carey and Ward were preaching in one direction, Fountain and Brunsdon would go in another, and Marshman in yet

a third. One day when Fountain and Brunsdon were passing an idol's temple, they saw several Brahmins engaged in worship. Seeing that the door of the temple was shut, Fountain asked, "Why do you bow there? Your god is shut up inside, and cannot see you."

"He is asleep now," they replied, "and it is not time to open the doors."

"Has he life then?"

"Life? Oh, yes."

"Will you let me go in and see?"

"No, we cannot do that."

"Does he eat?"

"Yes, a great deal every day."

"Does he speak?"

"No."

"If you will let me go in, I shall know whether he has life. I am not afraid of him."

Fountain then sat down on one of the steps and said, "Brahmins, I am sure you do not believe your own words. You know that this great idol is a stone, and that it can neither eat nor sleep. When I asked you to let me go in and examine it, you dared not. I perceive that you are ashamed. I now see the difference between your god and the great God Whom I

worship, even Him Who made the heavens and the earth, and who supports all things. He is in every place, He sees all, He knows all, and He can do all. He never sleeps. We can worship Him by day or by night. He knows all that is in our minds. If grief be there, He can take it away. If we want anything, He can give it; and He will give all good things to every one who calleth upon Him. Your idol cannot do anything like this. You have given him eyes, but he cannot see. You have given him ears, but he cannot hear; hands, but he cannot help you or defend himself. I could break him all to pieces if you were willing that I should try. If you have committed sin, he cannot pardon you. Only God can forgive sins."

Again of such preaching, Ward writes: "In the evening Brother Carey and I went to a village. Our congregation was noisy, but while brother Carey was relating the death and sufferings of Christ, the people were all attention. This, I think, is more and more his theme."

CHAPTER XXX

The First Converts

TOWARDS the end of the first year at Serampore, Thomas, who was at that time running a sugar factory in Birbhum, arrived with an Indian named Fakir.

"At last I have a man who wants to be baptised," he said to Carey, with great enthusiasm.

"I am rejoiced to hear that. But who is he and what do you know of him?"

"He is a skilled worker in the sugar factory. He has been receiving teaching for some time, and has stayed on at the factory at a third of his pay rather than miss this. But I thought he should be brought before the Church here before being baptised."

Fakir was accordingly brought before the Church, and standing up testified to his faith in Jesus. Hearing this, the missionaries were so moved that they all rose and sang with new feeling, "Praise

God from Whom all blessings flow." Then each in turn welcomed this brown-coloured Indian to real Christian brotherhood by shaking him by the hand.

Fakir was a widower with one daughter, and he was anxious to go back to Birbhum with Thomas to fetch this child, and to wish his friends farewell before being baptised.

"You will be back in three days," said Thomas, as they parted at the factory.

"Without fail," he replied. Nothing more was ever heard of him. Thomas searched for him, and made every inquiry, but in vain. The mystery is as great to-day as it was on the day when Thomas journeyed alone to Serampore with the sad news. His faith may have failed him in the end, or he may have been over-persuaded by his friends; but, considering the many instances on record of Hindus ready to murder their relatives rather than allow them to be baptised, he may well have been not only the first convert, but the first martyr.

The missionaries were not allowed to remain long despondent, for the very day that Fakir's confession of faith had filled them with the new feeling, Thomas was called

upon to attend to a carpenter named Krishna Pal, who had slipped when bathing, and dislocated his arm. Thomas, the most fervent of all the missionaries, had already spoken to this carpenter about Jesus when meeting him on the road, and now he had the opportunity to make a further appeal. He told the story of God's love with such power that Krishna was moved to tears. From that time he continued to visit the missionaries for instruction, and very soon his wife and daughter, and a neighbour name Gokul, joined him. On Monday, December 22nd, 1800, when Krishna and Gokul were thus on a visit to the mission house, luncheon was announced. "If you are really Christians, why not sit down and eat with us?" said Carey, and to the horror of the servants this they did, thus breaking their caste. Ward was so overjoyed that he wrote: "Thus the door of faith is open to the Hindus, and who shall shut it? Thus is the chain of caste broken, and who shall mend it?"

Felix Carey, deprived of a mother's care, had become rather a wild youth in North Bengal, but at Serampore Ward got hold of him, and persuaded him to give

his heart to Jesus, so the English lad and the Indian converts were all candidates for baptism at the same time.

"Are they coming all right?" asked Ward, when Carey returned from an early visit to the converts on the Sunday morning when they were to be baptised.

"Krishna is, but the others are afraid to venture. It is not surprising, for there is a howling mob round the house, and neighbours and relations are doing everything in their power by pleading, taunting, and threatening to turn them from their purpose."

"The baptism will be a nine o'clock, will it not?"

"That was the time arranged, but I find the tide makes that impossible, so it will be at twelve o'clock, immediately after the English service."

The following day, December 29, Carey wrote: "Yesterday was a day of great joy. I had the happiness to desecrate the Ganges by baptising the first Hindu, Krishna, and my son Felix. Some circumstances turned up to delay the baptism of Gokul and the two women. Krishna's coming forth alone gave us great pleasure, and his joy in both ordinances, baptism

and the Lord's Supper, was very great. The river runs just before our gate, and, I think, is as wide as the Thames at Gravesend. The Governor and a good number of Europeans were present. Brother Ward preached a sermon in English from John 5. 39: 'Search the Scriptures.' We then went to the waterside, where I addressed the people in Bengali; after having sung a Bengali translation of 'Jesus, and shall it ever be?' and engaged in prayer. After the address I administered the ordinance, first to my son, then to Krishna. At half-past four I administered the Lord's Supper. And a time of real refreshment it was."

Ward adds a few interesting details: "There were crowds of Hindus and Mohammedans present, but the service was carried out in silence, and everything was so reverent and orderly that the Danish Governor could not restrain his tears. As Krishna Pal came up from the bank a Danish lady, the Lady Rumohr, took him by the hand and thanked him from her heart."

Carey had worked seven long years before this first baptism gladdened his heart, but Thomas had worked fifteen

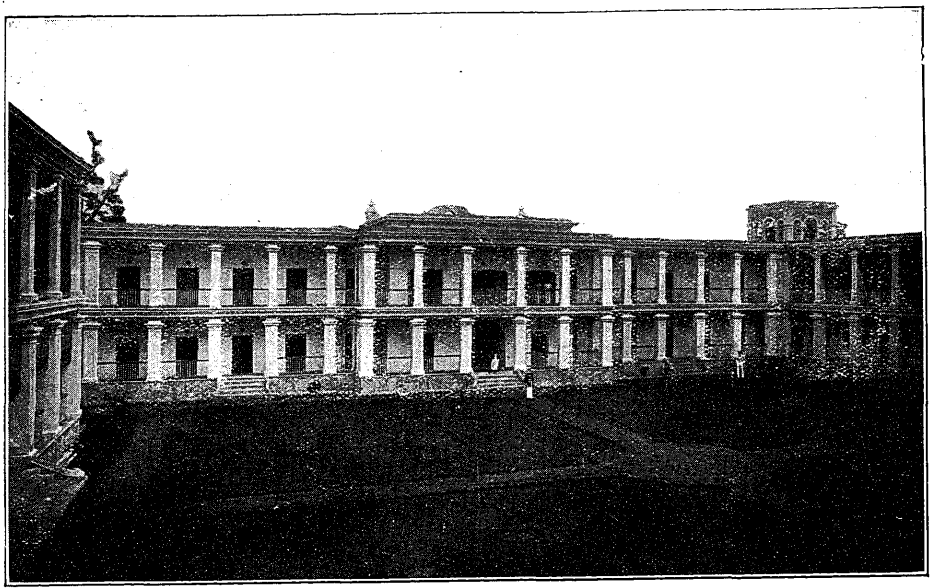
years. So great was his joy that for a time he was quite out of his mind.

The baptism of the first Hindu led to a great deal of opposition, for some time all the Hindu children left the school, and when Carey went to preach the Brahmins were so angry that they gnashed on him with their teeth. Krishna Pal got even more abuse, people shouted after him:

"Krishna! who are you?
The Devil's own,
In Hell your throne!"

Krishna would smile in reply, and say, "By confessing and forsaking sin, and laying hold upon Christ, I have obtained salvation."

In spite of all this stir the work of converting men, once begun, continued. At this point the records are full of the word "first." If Fakir were really the first convert, and Krishna the first Indian to be baptised, Jaymani, Krishna Pal's wife's sister, was the first woman to be baptised. Krishna Pal's wife soon followed, and then Gokul and his wife. Annada, a woman of forty, was the first widow to become a Christian, and Pitambar Singh of the writer caste, the first convert from the higher castes, became the first



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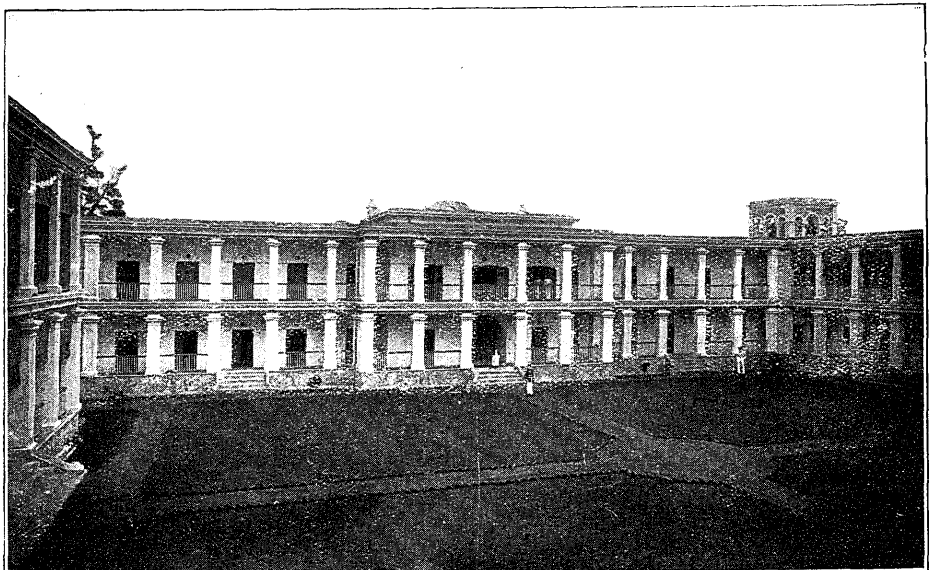
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Christian schoolmaster. There was the first Mohammedan convert, Peru; and in 1802 the first Brahmin convert, Krishna Prasad.

There was soon the first Christian wedding, and a little later, on the death of Gokul, the first Christian funeral. Whereas the Hindus employ the lowest caste to carry their dead, and have a horror of touching dead bodies, Gokul's body was carried to the Christian cemetery by Bhairab the Brahmin, Peru the Mohammedan, Krishna Pal the carpenter, Felix and William, the sons of Carey, and Marshman. The old caste feelings were gone, and their place taken by love. There was also a new reverence for the human body.

The converts received with such joy brought many a sorrow, too, for it takes those who have grown up in heathenism a long time to learn the spirit of Jesus Christ. Sometimes they quarrelled. Sometimes they were rude to each other, or even to Marshman. Sometimes they were untruthful. The women caused trouble by gossipping and unwise letter-writing. The missionaries began to understand the difficulties of Paul at Corinth.

"It is not travel in a hot climate that is the missionary's hardest work," said Ward one day.

"No, indeed," replied Carey. "I could get no sleep last night after Krishna's passionate storm yesterday. Still, the Indian Christians are like children, easily falling into grievous faults, but immediately afterwards broken-hearted at what they have done."

CHAPTER XXXI

The Story of a Convert

BUDHISA was born a Mohammedan and brought up to farming, but afterwards became a holy man; that is to say, he gave up his friends and worldly occupation, and instructed by his *guru*, or teacher, began a life of wandering and begging. In this way he did many acts incredibly difficult and painful. Hearing a little of the Gospel, he went to Serampore, three days' journey. There he heard more, and stayed for further instruction. At length he was baptised, that he might win Christ and be found in Him.

On leaving Serampore he resolved to return to his house, which he had forsaken on becoming a holy man. When he arrived he stood at the door; and as soon as they saw him, they all with weeping invited him in. He told them that he could not go in, as he had lost his caste, and he did not wish to give them sorrow without their consent.

"Come in, my son, why do you stand at the door?" said his mother, a very old woman, crying.

"No, mother, I cannot come into the house. You will lose your caste, for I have eaten with English people."

Hearing this, the mother and brother and Budhisa's own wife all joined in, saying, "Well, but cannot you come in?"

"No, I will not come in, but if you will come and sit outside, I will tell you what I have done, and why I have done it."

"Come, then, let us go and sit in the cow-house," they all agreed.

Budhisa sat down in the cow-house, with all his friends around him, and began, "You know that I have never done anything but for the best. It was to seek my good that I became a holy man; and therefor you may be sure that what I have done has been to secure my salvation."

"Tell us about it, my son. Let us hear what you have done," said his mother.

"You know that I have wandered up and down in search of the true way. I forsook the world. I became a holy man. I obtained my food by begging. I have repeated the name of God continually. I have visited different holy places, I

have performed various kinds of worship. For twelve months, twelve hours every day, I fixed my eyes on the blazing sun, till I became blind, and my face as black as ink. Then I worshipped the image of the moon reflected in water to recover my sight, and to obtain fruit for my soul. Besides this, I have done other very severe and terrific things, called holiness, but all in vain. I continued a slave to sin, and my mind was destitute of happiness. At last I heard of there being a new way preached at Serampore. I have been there, and have heard glad tidings, that Jesus came into the world, and bore the punishment due to sinners. This is a great work, and it has filled my soul with hope and joy. I have been baptised in His Name. If I can believe in Him, and obey His commands, I shall be saved from everlasting ruin. If you can unite with me in becoming the disciples of Jesus, then I shall find my home, my mother, my brother, my wife, and a Saviour all at once; but if you cannot, then I will abide by my Saviour, and go everywhere proclaiming His Name."

"My son," replied the mother, "I am become old. In looking round I see only

you and your brothers and sisters. I see no world below but you. If you have found this good news, well, let your brother go with you and see and hear; and if he finds things so, and a Saviour has died for us, why may not we be baptised, and share in the benefit?"

"Yes, I will go with you to Serampore," said his brother. "I had thought of staying at home and of remaining unmarried to look after my mother till her death; and then of becoming a holy man, that, having left the world, at death I might obtain salvation. But now I will go with you and hear about Jesus."

"Well, son, let us go in," added the mother, rising from the ground where she had been sitting. "You must eat with us. Why should you stay out? Are you then a different caste from your own mother?"

So they left the cow-house; and at the call of mother-love, at the call of the Gospel, and in spite of the rules of caste, they ate and drank together, saying one to another, like the shepherds of Bethlehem, "Let us now go and see this thing which is come to pass which the Lord hath made known to us."

CHAPTER XXXII

Attempted Rescue of an Inquirer

ONE day the mother of a young inquirer named Ghorachund came to the mission house, weeping and almost distracted, and claimed her son. Ward called to the young man, and said, "Go aside and comfort your mother."

This he tried to do, but as all was of no avail, a native brother went to explain to her the reason why her son was there, saying, "He is very happy here, and is learning the way of Heaven." She still appeared irreconcilable, so Ward himself tried to reason with her.

"No force will be used on either side," he said. "If he wishes to stay he can do so, but if he wishes to go he is quite free." Then turning to the youth, he said, "Do you wish to go with your mother?"

"No," he replied, "I will not go. I wish to stay here until I am baptised,

and then I will go home to my mother."

"You hear what your son says," said Ward; "but there is no need to distress yourself. You can come here to see him as often as you like."

"I will drown myself in the river!" exclaimed the woman, and took her departure.

She at once went and lodged a complaint before the Danish magistrate, and with some of the leading Bengalis of the town. The magistrate sent for the lad and questioned him.

"Is it your own choice that you should become a Christian?" he asked.

"Yes, it is my own choice," replied the lad.

"If I hand the boy over to you, what will you do with him?" asked the magistrate, addressing the mother.

"I shall have him put in irons, and kept a prisoner in the house," was the astonishing reply.

"In that case," said the magistrate, "I shall certainly leave the boy in the care of the missionaries."

The next day a man rushed into the printing office, where Ward was at work, saying that Ghorachund was being carried

off by force. Hurrying out, Ward saw a boat passing by with this youth lying in it, held down by several men, who seemed to be pinching his throat. The boy was crying bitterly.

Ward at once wakened Brother Marshman from his Chinese reverie, and in a minute the whole house, school and servants, were on the banks of the river. Young William Carey jumped into the mission boat, which was tied up by the riverside in front of the house, the boatmen and other servants pushed off, and they started in pursuit. All the others ran along the bank, watching the chase. William and the others rowed as if life and death depended on it, and the man-stealers were not less active. The mission boat being much heavier than the other, the chase seemed uncertain, so Brother Marshman ran and got a lighter boat, and a second rescue party set off in that. At last the boats could no longer be distinguished with the naked eye, but Ward fetched a glass, and with its aid saw William come up with the enemy and rescue the young man, though not without a struggle. Ghorachund was full of joy at his deliverance, and he was brought back

in triumph. But the poor mother struck her head against the floor of the boat with distraction.

The intolerance of Hinduism which forces converts to choose between Christ and their nearest and dearest, has ever been the saddest thing connected with mission work in India. The words of Jesus Christ are still true: "I am come to send fire on the earth. . . . The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter and the daughter against the mother. . . . The mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law."

CHAPTER XXXIII

The East India Company Support Carey

CAREY had been loath to leave North Bengal, because there he was not only able to support himself, but to contribute a good deal to the work in addition. The problem was how to do the same at Serampore. He began with a boarding-school, a work which was afterwards carried on by Marshman. This school was for Eurasians, a class of people so called because of their mixed descent, European and Asiatic. In those days they were ignorant and despised, and Carey was one of the first to recognise their value and try to help them. Fees of from forty-five to fifty pounds were charged according as Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Persian, or Sanscrit lessons were included.

This school was so successful that from the first it brought in an income of twelve pounds ten shillings a month, and after a

short time this was increased fourfold. Later as a college the income was £62 10/. The remarkable thing is that in little more than a year from settling at Serampore Carey was drawing a similar sum from the most unlikely of all sources, the East India Company, and both Carey and Marshman were therefore able to devote a large portion of these sums to the work, while living themselves in the simplest style possible. Carey's appointment came about in this way:

"Are you awake, Marshman?" said Carey, standing at the curtain of Marshman's bedroom.

"Scarcely," replied Marshman, sitting up in bed, "but come in. Whatever is it that has brought you here so early?"

"I have just received a letter from the Rev. David Brown, the Government chaplain, asking if he may propose me as Professor of Bengali in Lord Wellesley's new college. He thinks there is a great chance that I should be accepted, as no other suitable person knows Bengali. What do you think about it? He wants a reply immediately."

"Let us call Ward, and discuss the matter thoroughly," said Marshman.

"I will be with you in a few minutes."

When Marshman appeared in Carey's room a little later he found that Ward was already there, and the three went into the matter from every standpoint.

"We have not sought this, and it may be that it is God's doing," said Carey.

"The position might be of great service to the mission," added Marshman.

"Yes, and the salary would provide us with much-needed funds," continued Ward.

"It will be remarkable if the Company that did everything to prevent our landing in India should provide money for our work," said Marshman.

"'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh,'" quoted Ward, smiling at the strange turn of events with which they were faced.

"But even if the position were desirable in itself," said Carey, "it must be remembered that I have never known the discipline of college life myself, and therefore it is doubtful whether I could fulfil such an engagement with propriety."

"You must allow us to be the best judges of your ability," replied Marshman. "I personally think it is best for you to

accept Mr. Brown's offer, and we will all pray that if this is God's will it may be brought to a successful issue, but that if it is not, that He will frustrate it."

"I am of the same opinion," said Ward. "The proposal will scarcely pass without some opposition, and I think we may well leave the matter in God's hands."

Carey allowed himself to be guided by his colleagues, and a letter to that effect was despatched at once, with the result that Carey became a Professor at Fort William College on a salary of £62 10/ a month, a salary which five years later was doubled.

CHAPTER XXXIV

The British Annex Serampore

"FATHER! Father! Whatever can have happened? The British flag is flying over the Danish Government buildings," called Felix the very next morning after Carey returned from his new post in Calcutta, and so early that no one but Felix was up. Once more the missionaries hurriedly dressed, and started to go out to see what had happened. They were stopped by crowds of frightened people from the town; men, women, and children, carrying all sorts of things that they had picked up in the hurry of their flight. These were seeking refuge in the mission house. For a time it was difficult to make out what had happened, for every one spoke at once, but at last Carey picked out one man from the crowd, and asked the others to be quiet while this man explained matters.

"The English came in the night and

took possession of the settlement," he said.

"Yes, they came quietly in the dead of night in boats from Barrackpore, the other side of the river," chimed in another.

"Have many been killed in the fighting?" asked Carey anxiously.

"No, no one."

"Have many been injured?"

"No one at all."

"Was any damage done?"

"No, the garrison surrendered without firing a shot."

At this point a messenger arrived calling on all the people, missionaries and townsmen alike, to go before the British Commissioner. Arriving there, the Commissioner said, "I have now to announce that this is a British possession, but every one is at liberty to go on with the same work that he was engaged in before, and every one will enjoy the same justice and freedom under British rule that he did under the Danish Government."

"Now we can see the hand of God in this new appointment for Brother Carey," said Marshman. "If we were in the same position to-day as we were before, the Company would ship us all back to England, but now that Carey is tutor in

Lord Wellesley's College we are safe. We can see the work of God in the way He has led us as clearly as we see His care over the Israelites in the wilderness."

"Yes," said Carey. "Think of the day when I was turned off the *Earl of Oxford*. What a disaster it seemed at the time, yet it was a great blessing that we came in a Danish ship, or we should never have been allowed to land, and the delay allowed me to bring my boys, who will now be so useful in the work. And what a pity it seemed when I had built a house in the Sundarbans that I should have to leave it and go to North Bengal, yet we should have had to work so hard on the land to earn our food that there would have been no time for missionary work, and we might have all died of fever."

"And even if you could have earned a living in the Sundarbans, the Company would have turned you out of the country. It was only as an indigo planter that you got a licence to stay, was it not?"

"That was indeed so," replied Carey. "And what a blow it was after spending hundreds of pounds in building a missionary settlement in North Bengal to have to leave it all and come to Serampore. Yet

now we can see that though it was a great advantage to live among the country people for those six years, and thus get to know their lives intimately, and to speak their language, still afterwards it was necessary to establish our mission in a centre near Calcutta. In North Bengal the pundits used to flatter us that our Bengali was excellent, when it was really full of mistakes, but now in Lord Wellesley's College we have the finest pundits from all parts of India gathered together, and they will be able to give us the very help we need in translating the Scriptures. Truly God has led us, and never more than when we have thought that disaster had overtaken us."

Serampore was returned to the Danes the following year, and remained in their possession until it was purchased by the English Government in 1845.

CHAPTER XXXV

Mrs. Marshman's Description of Serampore

WE have an interesting account of life at Serampore in a letter written by Mrs. Marshman to her friend Mrs. Clarke, Baldwin Street, Bristol, January, 1805.

"We have in numberless instances seen the hand of God in our favour during the five years since I first set my feet on the shores of India. Our circumstances ought never to be forgotten. Our school last year increased so fast that we were distressed for bed-rooms. We had two rooms near our house unoccupied, but in very bad order. We threw the two into one, and placed a new beam in the middle. We then thought all well repaired and in neat order. One Saturday, after it had been finished a few days, Mr. Marshman desired me to have some of the children's beds put there, which on account of little Hannah's illness I declined. On Lord's

Day a heavy rain set in, which continued till Tuesday, so that the beds were not put in; but when we arose on Tuesday morning, behold, one half of the roof had fallen in! A short time after on a Lord's Day morning, behold, we found a poisonous serpent of the worst sort in John's bedroom. Soon after another in the bathing-house; and since then another and another.

"On Friday evenings, after worship, we generally meet to sup and chat, and hear the Calcutta news, this being the evening that Brother Carey comes home. On one of these evenings, about a month before Baby was born, as I was returning across to our house I trod on a serpent, which twisted around my leg, and gave my heel a hard smack. I shook it off, and felt no harm. I had hold of Mr. M's arm, or probably I might have fallen down. Having a lantern, I saw it make its way into the grass, and went home a little terrified, but much more surprised.

"Unhurt on serpents you shall tread,
When found in duty's way."

Will any one say that the Lord is not with us? But these are but the hidings of His power. A heart must be like adamant indeed to let these mercies pass.

"No European ever dines without a dish of curry and rice. In every dinner we expend four very large dishes of boiled rice piled up on a heap, four dishes of curry, three or four joints of meat, sometimes eight or nine large fish, seven or eight dishes of vegetables from our own garden, three tureens of soup without bread; those who like it put in a little rice when they have it on their plate. Our victuals are always boiled in earthen pots, except when we have a rump of beef. It is all in the English way except the curry. We have often puddings and pies made by our Indian cook, a man who also has charge of all the stores. We have very good butter made twice a day; it will not keep good any longer. We have one plate of toast, six plates of bread and butter, besides two very large dishes of the same. Our dinner is brought from the cook-room to the hall in a very large wooden chest or box, with four handles, and is carried by two men in the same manner as a bath chair. This is the universal custom of the country, and is very necessary, not so much for the sake of keeping the food warm, as for preserving it from kites and crows, which would be utterly impossible if it were not

covered, they are so numerous. As one of our servants was going to the cook-room one day, with a plate in his hand, and a large silver spoon upon it, a kite flew down and seized the spoon, carrying it off, and we saw it no more. Their general plunder is towels, pocket handkerchiefs, stockings, combs, soap, and candles, with all sorts of eatables which are not kept out of their reach.

"We make tea in two large urns, by putting the tea into fine muslin bags, and tying them to the handles of the urn, so that the bags swim, and the tea opens in the water. We first put the sugar and the milk into all the cups, and then turn the cock and fill them. As fast as they are filled the servant carries them round. This is a very quick way of dispatching business, for though we are nearly sixty in number, yet we scarcely ever sit more than twenty minutes at breakfast or tea. A chest of tea at eighty rupees lasts three months and a fortnight. We use nine quarts of milk a day. We have twenty quarts for a rupee.

"There is a great deal of trouble with the servants, on account of their different castes; one will not touch this thing, nor

another that. I have two Portuguese women who have been with me ever since the school commenced. They bathe and dress the scholars, make beds, and do a little sewing; but a woman, a sweeper, comes every day to sweep the rooms, and do other dirty work, which these would not do on any account. A man, called a 'bearer,' who is kept to carry the umbrella over the children, rub the furniture, clean shoes, and many other things, would not take a dirty plate, glass, tea cup, or a candlestick off the table on any account.

"Pork is an abomination to the Mussulmen. They will not touch it. We keep our own pigs, and often have pork. But there is not one of them but who would lose his place rather than cut a bit for a child who is too small to cut it for herself. Their attachment to their caste is so strong that if you were to compel them to do anything contrary thereto, they would say, "Salaam, Sahib," or "Salaam, Bibi Sahib;" that is to say, "Your servant, sir," or "Your servant, madam," and leave immediately.

"We hire tailors by the month. I keep two constantly at work for the school. They do all sorts of work, and make frocks

as neat as any woman. I keep one about six months in the year on my own account. He makes a muslin gown just as well as he does a coat. Our clothes are washed by men; we give a rupee and a half per hundred. We write down every article as it goes out, and read the list again when it is brought home. They keep them eight days. As we are obliged to change every day, and our children twice, you may guess how many clothes we need.

Scarcely any servants, except females, sleep at their master's house; they go home in the day to eat, and at night to sleep. The women are in general very dirty. Boiling their rice and bathing their children is nearly all they do. The generality of them are very shame-faced; when they meet you they will cover their faces with their cloth or run away. Our native sisters are becoming very decent, and keep their homes in very good order.

"The first three or four months after I came to this country I had a little time to go out and see the natives, but then I could not speak the language; and since the commencement of the school my time has been so completely filled up, that some-

times for a month together I do not go to the extent of our garden. My first business in the morning is to see that the children are bathed and dressed, fit for the day; at seven o'clock writing school begins; at eight, worship and breakfast; at nine, school begins again, and continues until the bell rings for dinner at half-past one; at three, school again, which ends at half-past five; and by the time everything is put in order tea is ready; and after tea, worship immediately. By the time all is over and the children are in bed, it is generally nine o'clock, after which is my holiday to read, write, or work; but I am often so overcome with fatigue, and the scorching heat of the day, that I feel neither will nor power to do anything at all."

CHAPTER XXXVI

The Lady Rumohr

MRS. CAREY died in December, 1807. She had been much worse during the last five years, and Carey had often been advised to put her in an asylum, but he tended her to the last. A few months later the Serampore missionaries, and especially the wives, were filled with excitement at the news that Carey proposed to marry the Lady Rumohr.

The Lady Rumohr had arrived in Serampore about the same time as Carey himself. She was an invalid. She had been delicate from birth, and when she was fifteen years old her father's mansion in the Danish Duchy of Schleswig was destroyed by fire in the night. Her wakefulness saved the whole family from being burnt in their beds, but she was so disabled that she could never walk up or down stairs again. She came to Bengal in search of health in a warmer climate, and built a house

on the banks of the Hugli. The Danish Governor, a relative of hers, asked Carey to teach her English. This he was most willing to do, and in addition taught her to love the Saviour Whom he himself served. It was she who shook hands with Krishna Pal as he came up from the river after baptism, and the next year she was baptised herself, the first European woman to be baptised in India.

"I think it is most ill-advised of Dr. Carey to think of marrying an invalid," said one of the lady missionaries.

"Yes, and so do I," said a second; "especially after having to nurse Mrs. Carey as he did for so many years."

"Yes, and it is less than six months ago that he lost his wife," added a third.

"You mean that it is less than six months ago that she died," Mrs. Marshman interposed. "He lost her twelve years before that."

"Anyway, some one ought to tell Dr. Carey what we feel about it," said the first speaker.

"That would be wise, but who would undertake it?" replied the second lady. "Would you, Mrs. Marshman?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Marshman.

"I should be most loathe to meddle with the doctor's private affairs."

"I know what," exclaimed the first speaker; "let us send him a round robin."

This was agreed to. A letter was prepared expressing the misgivings that the Serampore missionaries felt regarding the proposed marriage, and then they all signed their names in a circle round it. Mrs. Marshman was prevailed upon to sign, for she, too, felt that the marriage was unwise, but she trembled all over as she wrote her name at the liberty she was taking.

In a few days Carey managed to overcome all this opposition, and the wedding took place in May. It was a perfect marriage. The Lady Rumohr knew Danish, Italian, and French, so was a companion to Carey in his love of languages, and able to enter fully into all his work and plans. She also became a mother to the boys, who scarcely remembered their own mother in the days before darkness descended upon her.

As it had been in his work, so also in his own life. Joy came after years of waiting, and as a direct gift from God. That a frail woman suffering from a spinal com-

plaint should journey to India in those days was in itself surprising, but that she, who had been a sceptic, should find there the joy of faith in Jesus, the joy of happy wedded love, and the joy of service in a great enterprise, was beyond human expectation. In all this we can only see the good hand of God working out His purposes.

CHAPTER XXXVII

The Fire

IT was the afternoon of March 11, 1812. Ward, in a white jacket, was sitting at his desk writing, while a number of Indians were translating the Scriptures into various languages, or reading proof sheets. All around were the cases of type: Arabic, Persian, Nagari, Telegu, Punjabi, Bengali, Marathi, Chinese, Oriya, Burmese, Kanarese, Greek, Hebrew, and English.

There were vast stocks of paper, presses, priceless manuscripts of dictionaries, grammars and translations. Hindus, Mohammedans, and Indian Christians were busy at work composing, correcting, and distributing. Four men printed the sheets of Scripture, while others folded and delivered them to the large store-room, where six Mohammedans were doing the binding. Beyond the office were the various type casters, and a group of men making ink, while in a large open walled-in place was a paper mill for making paper.

A bell rang, giving the signal to stop work, and the workmen poured out through the doorways and made their way to their homes. Ward continued to sit in the office during the evening doing his accounts and settling the household expenses with some of the servants. Suddenly suffocating smoke burst from the long type room into the office. Ward at once rushed in to see what had happened, then called to the servants, "Send quickly for Marshman, and bring every helper or servant you can find. The place is on fire."

Marshman was soon on the scene, and a crowd of helpers came running from all directions. Their first thought was to open every door and window, and drag out as much as possible, but Ward said, "No, let every door and window be kept shut, while we try to put the fire out." He then climbed on to the roof, and had water poured through directly over the place where the fire was. A long line of men passed along the buckets of water continuously, and after hours of strenuous work it seemed as if the situation was saved. Then some one foolishly broke open a window. With the inrush of air, the flames leaped up and soon filled the whole

building, and by midnight the roof had fallen in and the place was reduced to ruins.

Early next morning Marshman journeyed to Calcutta to break the news to Carey. "We have had some difficulties and disappointments to face," he said, "but I come with news of the greatest misfortune that has yet befallen us."

"Whatever has happened"? asked Carey.

"The press has been entirely destroyed by fire—machinery, type, translations—paper—all are gone."

Carey was too overwhelmed to utter a word. The work of years had been destroyed in a few hours, and it looked as if it would be years before they could ever begin to print the Scriptures again.

Directly the tide allowed they rowed back to Serampore, and on their return found Ward joyfully searching among the smoking ruins.

"The type is all melted, but the punches and moulds for casting type are unharmed," he shouted gleefully, "and we shall soon be able to make new type. The five presses are untouched, and I am arranging to have them set up in a long warehouse near the river bank."

In a short time work was going on in full

swing again. Great as was the loss from the fire, much good came from it. The news spread throughout India, Europe, and America, and the Serampore missionaries woke up to find themselves famous. People were amazed to hear of the work the presses had been doing, and that in one small building such a collection of types and manuscripts should be gathered together. The actual money loss of £10,000 was made up in England in fifty days, and the world which had laughed at the missionary movement as the work of an ignorant cobbler began to take it seriously. Most of the Bible translations that had been destroyed were done over again, and done better.

Carey translated the Bible into six languages, the New Testament into another twenty-three, and one or more Gospels into another five, a total of thirty-four languages. The figures themselves are impressive, but one needs to stand in the library of Serampore and see the long row of books, to realise what this means. Carey's great work was the Bengali, which he finally revised in 1832. In the judgment of many this last version of Dr. Carey's has never been surpassed.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

The Daily Round

DISCIPLINE proved no less difficult at Fort William College than Carey had imagined, and he had some fine tales to tell when he returned to Serampore at the end of each week.

"How are the students progressing?" asked Ward on one such occasion.

"Some are loyal and industrious, but many have come out to India to have a good time, and though they possess ability, they are too lazy to work. What is worse is that so many are heavily in debt, yet live in the most expensive style. Those who think themselves smart give costly dinners, and the others have to do the same."

"Do they play any jokes now?" asked Jabez.

"Yes, they frighten the Indians by firing out of the windows at crows, and they sometimes shoot at passers-by with catapults."

"What do you do to punish them, father?"

"I try everything. Sometimes I talk to them seriously. Sometimes I keep them in after the lectures are over. Sometimes I even threaten to expel them."

"Don't they take any notice?"

"Some seem very repentant, but others are quite defiant. But they aren't all wasting their time. Those who are really in earnest meet me in my room for talks about religion, and I have the greatest hopes regarding these. And how are things going on here at Serampore?"

"We are very busy in the press," said Ward, "and are getting a lot of work through, but the workmen want a lot of superintending, and after all, the pressmen never work things clean, so that one has not that pleasure in printing elegantly that one had at home."

"Anything else wrong with the country?" asked Carey, smiling to himself.

"Yes, several things. There are no chimneys, no hedges, no flag pavements, and I think the great deficiency of Bengal compared with England is its want of sweet meadows and singing birds which

we had at Cottingham. One cannot take a country walk with pleasure, for the heat does not go off till evening. There are no grass fields, and a few hot days burn up all the herbage which three months of rain have produced."

"I am afraid you are feeling home-sick, Brother Ward. We have a walk by the river, and another in our garden, and a fine piece of water to bathe in during the heat of the day."

Carey was kept busy with his college work and translations, being rowed the eighteen miles down the river to Calcutta every Tuesday, and back again to Serampore every Friday evening. He was also making an inquiry for Government into the number of babies that were thrown into the river to be drowned or eaten by sharks and crocodiles, and was ever calling the attention of Government to the horrors of widow-burning. He reckoned that as many as 438 were burned in one year within thirty miles of Calcutta. The sacrifice of babies soon came to an end, but it was another quarter of a century before the widows were saved from their sad fate.

Marshman's schools were now the best in Bengal, and Ward was not only printing

the Scriptures, but casting the type which made such printing possible. Each of the three was so occupied with his own work that he might well have claimed that in this way he was doing his full share; but in addition to this they all continued to unite in the direct work of preaching the Gospel.

Marshman was ever ready, like Dr. Thomas, to speak of Jesus to any man he met, a work which Carey being naturally shy found much more difficult; and it was Ward, the finest preacher of the three, who won young William Carey for Jesus as he had previously won his elder brother Felix.

In Calcutta preaching was carried on regularly in the streets, in a large factory where several hundreds were employed, and at ten or twelve houses in different parts of the city. Indeed, until it was stopped by the military authorities, there was preaching at the Fort. Krishna Pal was the first native missionary, the forerunner of the great army of native preachers working throughout India to-day.

The missionaries also made tours into the interior, and Carey's aim was to plant stations throughout the country, about

two hundred miles apart, so that each missionary in charge of a station could preach for a radius of a hundred miles, and thus the whole country might be evangelised. Like most of Carey's ideals, it was far too big a thing to be realised quickly. For many years the East India Company frustrated every attempt to open such stations, and often prevented the Serampore missionaries from touring. Even street preaching in Calcutta was hindered.

"A police notice has been issued to the effect that any one preaching in the streets of Calcutta in future will be arrested and prosecuted," said Carey one evening on his return from Calcutta. "What are we to do now?"

The news cast a gloom over the missionaries, but at last Marsham said: "Let us build a chapel where we can preach without interference."

"Where would you put it?" asked Ward.

"Lall Bazar," suggested Carey. "It is a low part of the town frequented by sailors, but these are the men most ready to listen to the Gospel."

"And how is the money to be raised?" asked Ward.

"I will go round collecting among the English merchants in Calcutta," said Marshman.

This he did, and with such success that in ten days he had raised no less than £1100, and that in the city where Dr. Thomas had once advertised in vain for a Christian to help in the work.

The chapel was soon built, but immediately a police notice came forbidding preaching even in the chapel. Once more the missionaries met together to discuss the situation.

"As the city men did so much towards building the chapel," said Marshman, "they may be equally ready to help us to overcome the opposition of the police. I will go round and see them again."

In this Marshman was equally successful, for a petition signed by over a hundred English merchants soon led the police to withdraw their objections.

The climax came in 1813, when the charter of the Company had to be renewed by the English Parliament. Would the new charter provide for mission work in India, or definitely prohibit it? The missionaries knew that their enemies were leaving no stone unturned in their efforts

to put an end to missions, and for this purpose were employing a famous orator named Charles Marsh to fight their case in Parliament, and pour ridicule on missionary work.

On the other side Fuller was working strenuously throughout the length and breadth of England, and another famous orator, William Wilberforce, the champion of the slaves, was to defend the cause of missions in Parliament.

Anxiously they awaited for news. At last the mail arrived. Carey tore open Fuller's letter and read: "The cause of missions has been won by twenty-two votes. Petitions in their favour just rained upon the House of Commons. The debate lasted three days, and on the last night when the vote was to be taken many Christians spent the whole night in prayer."

The Company had tried to stamp out missions when they were a very little thing, but now the supporters of missions were strong enough to control the Company. The whole of India was now open to the Gospel, and the missionaries could open stations wherever they wished to do so.

CHAPTER XXXIX

The Outstations

CAREY at once started to open his outstations, and we soon find them stretching from Delhi to Chittagong. The work of the Baptist Missionary Society in India to-day is little more than the development of Carey's stations, and some of them have been taken over by other societies. The stations were grouped under five missions: the Bengal, Burman, Orissa, Bhutan, and Hindustani Missions. The staff had by this time grown to eighteen, nine missionaries from England, and nine recruited in India. There were also twelve native preachers. The raising up of a band of missionaries in India was a great achievement.

The first was Fernandez, a Portuguese, who was converted when Carey was in North Bengal. He had been trained for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but distressed by the worship of images in Roman

Catholic churches, especially in an idolatrous country like Bengal, he gave up the idea of being a priest, and settled as a merchant in Dinajpur. There he was given a Portuguese New Testament by a Hindu friend, and reading this led him to become a true Christian. He built a preaching hall for Carey and Thomas on his compound, and gave them £40 to buy books. Later, when Carey left the district, Fernandez carried on the work there, and that so successfully that at the time of his death, at the age of 73, he left a Church of eighty members.

Another of these missionaries was an Armenian named Aratoon. At the time when Lall Bazar Chapel was opened he was working as a schoolmaster in Calcutta, and paid a visit to the new chapel. At the close of the service he went to Carey, saying: "I was shocked to find that there were no prayers to the Virgin Mary in the service, nor were there crosses to bow to. Your people cannot be faithful Christians to omit things of such importance."

"Prove these things to me from the New Testament," replied Carey simply.

"That I will certainly do," he said as he left.

During the week he searched his Bible, but failed to find any mention of crosses or prayers to the Virgin. He then asked other Armenians to help him, but they were equally unsuccessful. He visited the chapel a second time, and tried to slip out unnoticed at the end, but Carey asked, "Well, friend, have you found the passages?"

"I must confess that I have not," replied Aratoon frankly. The result was that he, too, became a Christian, and in time a faithful preacher.

Two other names are of equal interest, Felix and William, Carey's own sons, while a little later Jabez was added to the list, and became the finest missionary of the three, so that the baby born while Carey and Thomas waited in the Solent and named Sorrowful by his mother grew to be his father's joy.

When the mission was started in Burma Felix volunteered for that field. He was doing magnificent work at the press, and it was hard to spare him, but his father could not do otherwise than let him go. He was twenty-one when He was ordained to this ministry. At the sight of this Hannah Marshman exclaimed: "What a

day is this! What Dr. Carey must feel about it! May I see another such with son of mine."

In addition to being a great scholar in Oriental languages, and a trained printer, Felix was a skilful medical missionary; and it was his medical work that gained for him a welcome among the Burmese people, and led to his introduction to the Viceroy.

One day Felix saw the dreadful sight of a man being crucified. He ran at once to the Viceroy and pleaded for his life. The Viceroy was at first unwilling to listen, but at great risk to himself, for if the Viceroy had been in a bad temper it would have cost him his head, Felix refused to take "no" for an answer. He continued to plead for hours, until the Viceroy at last yielded. He then took the man down from the cross, and so tended him that in a few weeks he had quite recovered.

Felix, following the example of his father, wanted a printing press so that he might print the Bible in the languages of Burma. This desire at last seemed granted, for on his return to Burma in 1814, together with his wife and two children, he was able to take a printing press

with him, the gift of Serampore. At Rangoon he took a ship to travel up the Irrawaddy, but they had scarcely started when a sudden squall struck the ship with such violence that it turned turtle and sank. Felix held up his wife and baby for some time, but at length grew so exhausted that they all went down together, and when he rose to the surface again they had disappeared. Then he thought he saw his boy, but tried in vain to reach him. At last he alone managed to struggle to the bank, where he was rescued by the lascars.

Felix lost everything he possessed, including the Gospel of Matthew in Burmese, the dictionary of Burmese in manuscript that he had himself prepared, and the precious printing press. But all this was as nothing compared with the grief of losing his loved ones. He wrote to his father: "My affliction has indeed been great. I had almost said more than I can bear. I have lost all I was worth in the world. Let it go. But the loss of my dear wife and dear infants goes very near my heart. What can I say? With Job I will be silent."

It was a dreadful thing to lose wife and

children thus. It was a dreadful thing to be saved while they were drowned. No wonder that for some years we find Felix leading a most unsettled life.

His first escapade was to visit Calcutta as the ambassador of the king of Burma, with a scarlet state umbrella held over his head, and a golden sword in his hand. This led Carey to exclain, "Felix has shrivelled from a missionary into an ambassador."

Something went wrong with this embassy, and Carey had to pay for all the finery, while Felix, fearing the wrath of the king of Burma, led the life of an adventurer on the Burmese frontier. After many almost incredible adventures he happened to meet Ward, then touring in the Chittagong district. Ward had a great advantage in that it was he who had first led Felix to Jesus. Once more he laid his hand upon his shoulder, and persuaded him to return to the press. From that time till the end of his life Felix worked at Serampore, doing the same sort of valuable work that he had previously done.

CHAPTER XL

The College and other Enterprises

THE village schools started by Carey grew until at last there was a network of such schools within twenty miles of Serampore, with 8000 pupils on their rolls. Carey had long had a great idea to crown this work. He longed for a Christian University. It was to be no narrow, denominational affair, but open to all Christians, even Roman Catholics, if they cared to come. Its teaching was to be equally broad, including all that was best in Indian thought, together with Western science and the Christian Scriptures.

When he had been in India twenty-five years Carey set to work to accomplish this. A building was erected in keeping with the idea, not an unsightly oblong building such as the Baptists in England used to build, both for their colleges and chapels, but one of the finest colleges in India,

with large halls, a magnificent brass staircase, and a portico of Grecian columns.

Some years later Dr. Marshman when in Europe obtained from the king of Denmark a charter for Serampore College, making it a real university, with power to confer degrees, although this power was never used until the college was reorganised a few years ago.

Carey was sixty years old when the building was finished, so long did he continue to attempt great things. But Carey's thought was so much ahead of his time that a few years ago the college was regarded more as an ancient ruin than anything else, a place where visitors were taken to see Carey's translations, his collection of shells and other relics, while the dust of ages settled on the Grecian columns, and the brass staircase grew so black that every one thought it was cast iron. Carey's garden, too, had been sold to the jute mills, and the rattle of machinery was at the door.

Even now it is impossible to realise Carey's ideal, for each mission prefers to have its own little college rather than a Christian University for India.

Carey had now laid the four foundation

stones of Christian civilisation in India, preaching the Gospel in the mother-tongue of the people, translating the Bible into all the principal languages, teaching the young, both girls and boys, in village schools, and finally founding a University. It is surprising that one man should have been able to carry out such a programme. What shall we say then when we find that the man who did all this did so much more also that no one could write a history of Bengal, quite apart from missions, without acknowledging his influence in many different directions.

Missionary work is always accompanied by social service which benefits the whole community. We have already seen the part played by Carey in putting an end to the practice of throwing babies to the Crocodiles. For another quarter of a century he never ceased to protest against the terrible crime of burning widows. While he waited and prayed all those years, every day he could see from his window the smoke rising from those dreadful fires along the bank of the river.

It was a Sunday morning in 1829. Carey was busy preparing his sermon when a letter arrived containing an order

from Lord William Bentick prohibiting widow-burning, for Carey to translate into Bengali.

"Some one else must preach for me to-day," said Carey. "I will not delay a minute translating this document, lest some poor women are burnt in the interval." Seizing his pen, he translated the order into Bengali for immediate publication.

In those days lepers also were burnt or drowned, and Carey never rested until a leper asylum had been established in Calcutta.

There was another evil that Carey fought against. That was the money-lender. Indians are accustomed to borrow money, especially at the time of marriages, and the rates of interest are so high that many men never get out of debt during the whole of their lives. Indeed, such debts often descend from father to son through many generations, so that there are people in India to-day who are to all intents and purposes slaves on account of the vast sums of money they owe, though they have paid back the original sum a dozen times over. Carey made a beginning in fighting this curse by starting savings banks.

In addition to these various forms of Social service there is what may be called the overflow from his mission work in the industrial world. Thus to make paper for his Bibles the first steam engine was erected in India. This led thousands of Indians to visit Serampore to see the "machine of fire," and many Europeans who had never seen machinery driven by steam before, went there to study this engine in order that they might use such machinery for their own work.

The manufacture of paper soon became a separate industry, and Serampore paper is famous to this day. It was the same with the printing press. An Indian workman trained to print the Scriptures set up a press of his own. He made so much money that others followed his example, so that thousands of Bengali books began to appear where such books had been unknown before. It was not only thus with paper and type, the Bengali Bible did much to form the Bengali language, and thus made Bengali literature possible.

Similar blessings overflowed from Carey's recreations. If ever a man needs a hobby a missionary does, and Carey's hobby was one of the best, gardening.

This not only gave him much needed exercise after teaching, preaching, and translating; but in his garden he walked with God. There he meditated. There he laid the plans for his work, and there the crooked places grew straight. By this hobby, too, he made all men his debtors. Of the fruits commonly grown in Bengal to-day it is true of most of them that they were either introduced by Carey or cultivated in his garden so as to be immensely improved. English vegetables were then almost unknown, but Carey obtained as fine cabbages as could be bought in Covent Garden, and such vegetables are now grown throughout India. The avenue of trees in his garden, long known as Carey's walk, consisted of mahogany and deodar, teak and tamarind, carob and eucalyptus—trees unknown in Bengal before, but now found everywhere.

CHAPTER XLI

Carey's Last Days

CAREY lived to see the opposition of the East India Company overcome, and the whole country open to receive the Gospel. He lived to see cruel customs passing away, and the English rule in India growing worthy of a Christian nation. He saw many of his dreams come true, and the work of the Baptist Missionary Society and many other societies extending in all directions. He saw his own sons carrying on the work that he had begun.

New Missionaries to India used to go on pilgrimage to Serampore directly they arrived in India. One of the most interesting of these visitors was Alexander Duff, of the London Missionary Society. The ruddy Highlander arrived at Serampore on a sweltering day in July, and strode up the flight of steps to the College, then the finest modern building in India. He then turned to Carey's house, which, in

striking contrast to the College, was so simple that it was said to have been designed for angels rather than men. There in the study he beheld a little, yellow old man in a white jacket, who tottered up to the visitor with outstretched hand.

"I have come to talk over an idea I have," said the young Scotchman.

"Yes," replied Carey, "and what is it? I am sure I shall be interested to hear about it."

"You are working in the Indian languages, but translation of books, especially modern ones, are rare, and it seems to me that instead of translating laboriously a few books into Bengali, it would be far simpler to teach the students of India English, and at once put into their hands the treasures of European literature and science?"

"The idea is a very good one, and where does your difficulty lie?"

"Simply in the fact that all the other missionaries that I have spoken to on the subject are absolutely opposed to it."

"Go ahead, young man," said Carey. "You have my approval and blessing. It is well worth attempting."

Thus it came about that Duff was

Carey's real successor in India, and the English College he founded in Calcutta, the capital, left Serampore in a backwater.

When over seventy Carey was too weak to walk in his garden, and he used to be wheeled in a chair to see his beloved flowers, and talk to the gardeners, who, trained by Carey, used to call the flowers by their Latin names, pronouncing the Latin with Carey's very accent. When the time came that he could not go out even in his chair, he would send for the gardeners to come to his room and tell him about the flowers.

Carey was known as the "cheerful old man," a title given to him by Lord Hastings, and one day seeing him look sad, Marshman was so surprised that he asked the reason. Turning to the others, Carey said with deep feeling, "After I am gone, Brother Marshman will let the cows into my garden."

"Far be it from me," replied Marshman. "Though I have not your botanical tastes, the care of the garden in which you have taken so much delight shall be to me a sacred duty." For many years after Carey's death the garden was kept up by the Marshman family.

During the last months Carey was happy

in having with him his three surviving sons, William, Jabez, and Jonathan (Felix had died twelve years earlier). Jabez had a story to tell which showed the way in which Carey was esteemed by the common people.

"I was on my way down the river almost in sight of Serampore," he said, "when we met the tidal bore coming up the river, and were immediately swamped and overturned. Fortunately no one was drowned, but we all landed on the bank opposite Serampore. I did not like to trust myself to the same boatmen again, but tried to get some local men, who would understand the tides and currents. At first they demanded a large sum of money, but hearing by chance that I was the son of Dr. Carey, they changed right round and wanted to row me across for nothing."

Duff was one of Carey's last visitors, and after talking for some time about Carey's misionary life he heard the dying man whisper, "Pray." Duff knelt and prayed, and then said "Good-bye." As he was going out of the room he thought he heard a feeble voice calling him by name. He went back, and caught these words, "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about

Dr. Carey—Dr. Carey. When I am gone say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour."

Carey died at sunrise on June 9th, 1834, within two months of his seventy-third birthday. The old cemeteries of India are full of great masses of masonry erected over graves, but Carey wanted nothing of the sort. He had directed that he should be buried by the side of his second wife, the Lady Rumohr, and that the following inscription should be cut on the stone erected to her memory, and nothing added but the date:

WILLIAM CAREY.
Born 17, 1761. Died——

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

The Indian newspapers were filled with the praises of the missionary who had done so much for India, and died so poor that his books had to be sold to provide £187 10s. for one of his sons. As exaggerated statements were made concerning the amount that he had personally contributed to the work, Marshman thought it best to publish the facts. Carey from first to last only received

£600 from the Baptist Missionary Society for himself and his family, while he contributed from his own earnings no less than £46,625. As Marshman and Ward together contributed a similar sum, the total given by the Serampore missionaries was over £90,000.

Conclusion

WE have come to the end of Carey's life, and now I have to bid my readers farewell. I can only hope that they have had anything like the same glow of pleasure in reading this story that I have had in writing it. I have travelled a good deal longer with Carey and his comrades, for to get the material for this book I have had the glad task of reading many books: the original letters in the Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Missionary Society, letters shot through and through with the feeling of the hopes and disappointments and sorrows and triumphs of those early pioneers; the early biographies written by Carey's nephew, Eustace Carey, and Marshman's son, John Marshman; Lewis's "Life of Dr. Thomas;" Smith's stirring "Life of Carey" in the Everyman Library; and last but by no means least, the *Life* by Carey's great grandson, the Rev. S. Pearce Carey, M.A. All these are a veritable mine of information and interest.

I began with the belief that Carey was one of the great missionaries, but as I have come to know of his ability and energy, the many things he started, the success he obtained, and the influence that he has had on the world's history, I have come to think of him as the greatest of modern missionaries. Principal Arthur Dakin, of Bristol Baptist College, calls Carey "the English St. Francis," since he inaugurated a movement comparable to that started by St. Francis in the middle ages, and also had a similar gentle disposition and saintly character.

Carey's estimate of himself was that he knew how to plod, and John Marshman added: "Yes, but it was the plodding of genius." Genius is just the word we want. It means that we cannot explain Carey, we can only say that he had God-given gifts.

No missionary society to-day would dream of sending out as a missionary a married man with four children, yet with such a family Carey started out with the idea of supporting himself in an unknown land. Carey's father might well say that it was the folly of one mad, for such it certainly would have been, but for the

expectations Carey had of God. Yet he not only succeeded but gave in addition, as we have seen, over forty-six thousand pounds for mission work.

Think again of Carey's clear-cut ideas of the future. He told Ward that he should need a printer to print the Scriptures, before he had set foot in India or learnt a word of its languages; and translation, printer, and printing press were all ready at the right moment. It was so all through; he was always attempting some great thing because he was always expecting great things from God.

These words really sum up the teaching of Jesus about the Kingdom of Heaven. By His miracles, by His words about perfect trust in a Heavenly Father, and by His teaching concerning faith and prayer: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Jesus ever taught men to expect great things from God, and it was because the disciples learnt this that they attempted great things for God, and went forth in the power of the Spirit to conquer the whole world.

When Christians once more began to expect, they also began again to attempt. The heathen were simply left until the new

faith came, and then the Church set out on the tremendous task of evangelising the world. In the same way disease has been looked upon as a necessary evil, but now men have such great ideas of God that they do not believe that disease has any right to exist in His world, so they fight against cancer, consumption, leprosy, and all other ills, confident in ultimate victory.

Poverty, ignorance, war, intemperance were long left to continue their soul-destroying work, but now Christians are waging deadly battle with all of these, because they expect great things from God. It is often asked what you can put in the place of war to bring out the same heroism and courage that war inspires. One might also ask what you can put in the place of the monastic system which led men to give up everything they possessed for Christ. The answer to both questions is, the modern missionary movement, viewed as a whole, in its world-wide aim to bring all men to Christ, and to cast every evil thing out of His Kingdom. This has and is producing heroism equal to anything found on the battlefield, and a discipline as stern as that of the friars. Few soldiers win the Victoria Cross, few friars are

known as saints, and few missionaries become famous, but it is a great thing to be one of the least in a great crusade.

"If God bless us, we shall want a person of your business to enable us to print the Scriptures," said Carey to Ward. God has blessed the work, and printers are still needed, yes, and translators, doctors, nurses, teachers and preachers. But in God's eyes there is no difference between home and foreign work. Carey began his missionary work in Leicester, and John Ward was behind Carey, so the call comes also for teachers, preachers, evangelists, pastors, and every kind of Christian worker. To-day the hand is laid on your shoulder. God wants you. To you the message comes:

"Expect great things from God,
Attempt great things for God."

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